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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

When dealing with highly personal journalism, as we do, it's accepted that a writer approaches a story with a number of already-formed opinions that can heavily influence the outcome. For a tough copist on the use of drugs in football, don't send a file to gather the facts. To find out what Hollywood stars are really like, don't send an outgroup hater.

When Maclean's newest assistant editor, Maria McDonald, began covering the entertainment scene for the Toronto Star five years ago, she approached her new assignments with no attitude at all, only a simple goal of telling exactly what she saw. "I was never star-struck until I can remember," she says. "What fascinated me was the mythology and the quality of glamour behind all the glam, with very few exceptions, were small, frightened people, and I tried to show the reality behind the mythology. But people wanted the mythology."

Writing in a style that can be described as satirical, her profiles of well-known stars were both refreshing and controversial. "I became known as 'The Heretic Lady' and I've even had the supreme director of being dismissed on stage by Rod McKuen. Just for telling the truth."

She found herself in an interesting dilemma on her very first assignment for Maclean's to investigate Susan Victoria Devananda's yoga centre in the Quebec Laurens. She couldn't approach it with an open mind — she was already a convert. "Two years ago yoga changed my life," is the way she put it.

After a week in the Laurens she returned back as keen as ever as yoga, but not nearly so enthusiastic about the Saurin's centre. "I came back five pounds heavier from too much steady fast, sleeping from getting up around five in the morning, and I had an aching back. I never felt so unhealthy in all my life."

Her report (on page 42) may just go to prove that already-formed opinions don't have that great an influence as first-time journalism. If you suspect a writer like Maria McDonald, then the story will undoubtedly unfold as it should.



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THE POWER PRINCIPLE: CAN BARNEY DANSON SURVIVE SUCCESS?

By Walter Stewart

Politics is full of ironies, but the crucible of them all is the unwritten rule that politicians out of power are always shrouded with bright ideas for reform, which evaporate at once in the heavy air of office. On the backbench or in opposition, a man may settle with schemes for human betterment, he knows exactly what to do and how to do it; get him in power, and his brain turns instantly to mud. As a backbencher, Eugene Whelan was full of ardor for brilliant new agricultural policies, as Minister of Agriculture, he spends most of his time defending stupid old ones. In a cabinet portfolio, as Co-ordinator of Urban Affairs Minister Herb Gray scoured indignantly fiscal and social reports, relegated to the ranks of ordinary MPs in the post-election cabinet shuffle, he suddenly blossomed as a glowing critic of government policy, an informed, witty and outspoken "conscious" advocate.

Barney Danson, the new Minister of State for Urban Affairs, is now perched outside this sharp dilemma. Danson is an attractive and energetic politician, a long-time student of urban problems — including housing, the most important part of his portfolio — and a genuine reformer. But it remains to be seen how much of his ardor and how many of his ideas will survive the smothering embrace of the Ottawa bureaucracy and the even more deadly aspect of a conservative-minded cabinet with other priorities. Personally, I hope Danson defies the trend. I hope that, two years from now, he can still come bounding into his House of Commons office, as he did one recent morning, shuffle a stack of newspapers marked "Urgent" on his desk, look up, grin and bellow, "Boy, this is fun. This is really fun!"

We need more politicians with soul and hammer, but what we need even more are politicians with ideas and the guts to fight for them. Is Danson such a man? His record contains evidence on both sides.

He has mixed business with politics ever since he emerged from the smog after World War II. Indeed, he developed his own plastics-machinery business — after five restless years in his father's Toronto insurance agency — busily to get the money to support a political career.

He became a Liberal, although his family background was Conservative, largely because for commanding officer, Milton Gregg, a sometime Tory cabinet minister, had gone Grit — "I figured that if the party was good enough for him, it was good enough for me." He worked hard and cheerfully for the Liberals for years, with more than a normal share of ability. He was rich enough, and ready enough, to run for office the previous year, 1967, when he won 46, but he lost — to a Tory cabinet minister, Dalton Bailey. A year later, he ran fruitlessly in North York, and, riding the Trudeau wave, defeated the Conservative incumbent and came to Ottawa. He was appointed parliamentary secretary to the Prime Minister, slipping almost unnoted into a job that provided some prestige, much travel and absolutely no power.

— He accepted it — but then, he craved more things — and acquired himself well. He never rocked the boat, but he did

reach for the stars on occasion. For example, he spoke early and often on the fully — as he saw it — of building a sea- and Toronto area airport at Pickering. That airport was forgotten because Pickering is a party-driving issue anyway, and because it was his only major hope from grace.

"I'm a team player," says Danson, in a child that holds court only for those who are content with the liberal team. While Phil Greens, the former Toronto mayor, who entered the 1968 House of Commons with Danson, protested openly and bravely about his government's failure to act on smogging urban problems, Danson kept his head down. "We were working toward some of the same goals," he says, "but I don't think Phil was about it the right way." Given was convinced — because Trudeau told him — that there would never be a ministry of urban affairs, and he felt he had nothing to lose by rising high in Ottawa. By the time the portfolio was created, he had risen out his Ottawa welcome and resigned to run provincially. By the time Danson inherited the mantle that summer, the job Danson thought would never have embraced a budget of \$1.8 billion, just, through Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, a chance to play a major role in urban policy.

What will Danson do with that chance? He wants to shift sprawling growth away from Canada's three biggest cities — Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver — and into smaller centers. He wants to bring down house prices by providing more cheap, serviced land, by subsidizing more mortgages for lower income groups, by subsidizing the giant developers who concentrate on luxury housing. "They want to build for the rich, and take the cream off the top," says Danson. "Well, it's not going to work that way." He wants to put more money into urban housing — "Some of the things we do are terrible." He wants, by example and by the carrot-and-stick approach of money power or withdrawal, to use the CMHC to promote sound urban planning.

But how much of this can he do and still remain a team player? A colleague says, "Barney is a fast, bright fellow with a brain under his saddle, but if Trudeau can hit his program to ribbon he's got the axe to fight for them." I put this to Danson, who replied, "Maybe it's true, but if it is, God help me."

The housing minister recently sold his Toronto home for something more than \$266,000 (he won't say exactly how much), and bought one in Ottawa for much less, pocketing a handsome profit. Is he, then, the man to mull down on the speculative boom that makes it look as if house price tags are inflated with helium? "Look," he says, "I sold at the market price, like anyone else. I admit that housing prices are out of line and that something has to be done about them. All I ask is that I be judged as free as what I accomplish."

There's a few regrets, pranking enough to remind a chap to stand judgment, even to hope that Danson, at the helm, will prove as shrewd and positive as he seemed when he was going the prep deck in a parliamentary secretary



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Second—Canadian oil consumption continues to increase each year.

Put those two factors together and, by 1978, Canada could be using more than it produces. We would be a net importer of oil.

Oil from foreign countries costs much, much more than it used to. Declining domestic production will therefore have an important effect on our country's balance of payments.

Today, oil exports add to Canada's foreign exchange strength, helping to provide the funds needed to buy things we don't grow or make within our own borders. Declining domestic production will mean that Canada will be paying increasingly large sums for imported oil. The implications for our living standards are serious.

And oil has become such a factor in international diplomacy that any increase

in our dependence on foreign supplies is cause for some nervousness.

Reducing our own use of oil would help, and there has been a slight slow down in the rate our oil consumption is growing.

But one fact stands out. Canada is going to have to make an all-out effort to develop new reserves of economically feasible energy.

We have the potential reserves. There are the Athabasca tar sands. Significant discoveries of oil and gas have been made in the Arctic and encouraging 'shows' have been found in the Atlantic. Research is progressing on ways to recover the heavy, viscous oil at Cold Lake, Alberta.

But turning potential reserves into actual supply can't be done cheaply. And it can't be done overnight.

Between now and 1985, some 50 billion dollars will have to be spent to develop new reserves and put transport systems in place.

It's a big, costly job. But it has to be done. And time is running out.



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THE BIOLOGICAL IMPERATIVE: HOW DO YOU FIGHT MOTHER LOVE?

By Myra Kostash

I was 17 when I read *When New World* the first time. I loved it. Unlike my peers, who were horrified, I was delighted with Aldous Huxley's prognosis for the future, particularly the references to "real tube babies," as it represented to me the glories of a society in which I quite rightly soon learned, "men and women will walk hand in hand as brother and sister into the future together." Make what you will of an adolescent's enthusiasms, but my obscure memory of my enthusiasm at the time is that, if technology could free me from what I now deem as the onerous and terrifying responsibility of childbearing, then I would celebrate it.

At 15, nothing in my own female future seemed to be so objectively undesirable as the possibility of pregnancy and childbirth. It wasn't just the omnipresent danger of "getting into trouble" in those pre-pregnancy days that frightened me, although God knows that was scary enough. We middle-class girls were raised in an atmosphere of moral threat and sexual horror stories about teenagers that befell other families, girls "in the family way," from quitting high school and a bright future to work in gas stations, schoolmates viciously poisoning and neighbor pecking through doors drugged. The fear for me also was that I too had ambitions for a brilliant future in which I just couldn't picture the pains, isolation, husband and kids who make either you were a "mother" or you were a "career woman." You couldn't mix them, with out running the risk of marriage breakdown, frigidity, divorce, alcoholism, delinquent offspring and, most dreaded of all things, mother's attitudes. Now I wasn't prepared to take on that catalogue of stress, I thought childbearing entailed. But it was more than ideological defenses. It was also emotional. The idea of being pregnant and giving birth seemed the hell out of me. Pain, blood, cramps, jumps, swellings, moans, nausea, vomiting, shakes, tears, heat and screaming. Absolutely screaming. In the movies, blood-curdling screams rose from agonized bodies. The agonized father pines at the bedside. In reality, women die in childbirth, a serious disease in their throats. In real life, women of my grandmother's and mother's generation told me how awful it hurt how odiously doctors and nurses treated them, how they were mistreated by a 16-hour labor, how their husbands were playing poker while they lay all alone, screaming in an empty hospital room. I got the picture: horror show.

There was also, in 1959, something vaguely embarrassing about pregnancy, even the "big uterus" ones. Something ridiculous about the huge belly, the ballooning clothing and, eventually, the posture on the delivery table, legs spreaded in pain. The very mother, the joyous of above, the blood in the young stretch exposed to a circle of disinterested onlookers. Could a child, I wondered, really be worth this assault on myself, the violence and humiliations, not to mention losing my hair, developing flabby breasts, purple stretch marks, varicose veins, permanent overweight (later in my education) a vagina as wide as a horse's eye.

Fifteen years later, I'm still childless, child-free, some



would say. But it is a condition that is no longer so simple to justify. I'm not talking here about social pressures on married women to reproduce but about interior pressures within my own mind to fulfill the biological imperative of my own body. Now that I'm a feminist and 30, the fact that my body is an object of sexual interest to men is infinitely less intimidating than the fact that I'm able to bear children. Of course, it doesn't necessarily follow from that that I must bear them. It means only that for the first time in my life I'm willing to reconsider the possibility.

The question is—when exactly? If it doesn't make part biological sense that the physically optimum childbearing age is 17, because it isn't only your body that is most supple then, it's your mind as well. At 30, I'm too busy, too calculated, my future "hooked up" with plans and schemes. I'm too impatient with occupations that literally waste my time. I thrive on the unexpected and the spontaneous in my work—how does one fit a child into that? More to the point, how could a child cope with a mother like me?

But the longing and the wondering are there. And, as more and more of my friends voluntarily become parents, I get more and more worried, a seedling one should not, on the surface, trust. But then it's in my friends Pat and John, in the country growing a vegetable garden, potting the One Two Three, listening to Cat Stevens and eating grapes, sound, sweet-smelling, laughing, floppy whose little fingers grabbing at my face as a pleasure I had never counted on.

She is, her parents say, the natural extension of her marriage. "We must have the baby," John says, "through Pat's body." It's the kind of enmeshment and language I would have wished at a few years ago, thinking that I was escaping certain dramatic distances in order to fulfill the simply human. Now the two are merging into each other. Five daughters. I understand very well the price women pay to live in families. The women in the country seem almost a consolation. Pat sells up the sexually abused boy labor. And John calls it a holy pain because of the nature of the event. Pat says her pregnancy was satisfying because it flowed naturally from her loneliness and John says he found her "wholly desirable" at it. And Pat says that there's no word in the English language for the moment of the child's birth, "it was total being at once, in awe, in mystery, in reality." For once, I am completely speechless.

And more than somewhere along our culture's box of developmental something had just mindlessly screwed up. Maybe Pat doesn't need an explanation but I do, of how processes as casual as birth and child-rearing could become so overlaid with awe, suspicion, dread, resentment and anxiety, that they become, in fact, a loss-up between two survival species and more. Put that way, it's outrageous. And a measure of the way our society really does regard maternity, as a kind of exile from real life. Once upon a time the Great Mother was a deity. If she still were, I wouldn't have to feel I was choosing between two issues.

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15 oz. for the man who calls the tune. Put 4 oz. cubes in a 12 oz. glass. Pour in 15 oz. of Pipes. Add soda or water to taste.

V.O. Old Fashioned

Only V.O. is V.O. and makes a classic Old Fashioned. Plus 3 drops of Angostura bitters over a cube of sugar in an Old Fashioned glass. Muddle sugar with 1 1/2 oz. of soda water. Add six cubes and 15 oz. Seagram's V.O. Decadent with fruit.



THE PRECIPITOUS JOYS OF DOWNHILL CYCLING

By Trevor Latimer

The conventional pleasures are boring: worse than honey, empty, worse than empty, shimmering. And nothing is worse than shimmering, except perhaps indifference, which finds its perfect expression these days in pleasure's bells.

The conventional pleasures, in I define them, are something that can be advertised. Characteristically, I find myself caught immediately in my own polemical art. One of my pleasures — perhaps my *pièce de* is a confusing way — is bicycling, which certainly can be advertised, bought and sold. Not in defense of my belief, I would assert that your bicycle is not the same as my bicycle (I have four of them). Your bicycle is made of steel and rubber. But mine are made of something else, a unique substance, and they move in symmetrical ways toward some perfect point.

Yes, I ride slightly at the language too, but I have no other way to express the peculiar grace that the bicycle has for me. The bicycle I know absolutely would clip their hands with glides at the prospect of tracing the roof of my poems.

I had no bicycle as a child; you know, the war and all that (Why, you Young People Nowadays don't know the hell of it). Anyway, the first bike I rode were borrowed from Meen — now Mr. Fritz C. P. Moore of Toronto, who is a psychiatrist — occasionally but not he sister Marlene's bike, which I once rode down a bungee, however, didn't lead to the sulphur springs in Anse-au-Fort, Ontario, at an terrifying a speed that I stopped by allowing myself to fall over onto the sloped steps, slowly, almost as if in a dream. Jimmy Battersby (the son of a doctor, I learned in better circles) showed me a ruse: try on his sister Sally's bag, a fanny, elegant black. English, think that I longed for with all the pain of unattainability.

No, doctor, I do not know if riding girl's bicycles more than 10 years ago accounts in any way for the perfect condition you find out in today. I would not speculate whether it shaped, or reshaped, my attitude toward women. Oddly enough I never rode my brother's bike until I signed it years later by some kind of excess. But perhaps that wasn't surprising. It was for several, which is more important a large and intimidating vehicle. It had long handlebars which were lately covered by an intricate mesh. He had bought it from the Hamilton Spectator where, at age 12, he leashed his master in jockeying for the position of headless boy, an occupation now rarer than honey whip mother. His employment required him to appear each summer day at the top of a ladder propped against a large blackboard in front of the *Spec*, on which the inning-by-inning baseball scores were chalked up to the greatest enlightenment of the passing population. The bicycle was obtained by signing the important note. The Spectator, after proper reflection over its books, charged him two dollars for it.

The years after my inheritance of that machine were not unmarked by trauma. By that time my family lived in Hamilton's famous mountains, whose frosty crests towers some 100 feet over the lower city. My school, however — Dotts High

PLEASURES



— was down the hill, exactly 3.8 miles away, as a series of worn-down adolescents indulged me. No matter what you may have heard of Hamilton Mountain, its incline does not seem all that hot when your flipping bike down it speaks literally, not euphemistically) comes off as you come crashing down. Like most bikes of the time, this was mostly a one-speeder with coaster brakes, or reflect, when the chain got untwisted, without them. It was quite interesting to plummet down the Sherman Avenue out on a bike suddenly bereft of all stopping power. I don't remember how I lost gravity as such occasion. I probably froze with fear, and was melted to the ground like a glacier.

The time came when the coexistence was that the family had had in two dollars worth out of the bike, and it was traded for the one that stood silent in my affections — a three-speed Humber, a machine since retired by the makers, the British firm of Raleigh. By this time I was a gently, partly lost youth, too old for an allowance and too young for the pool hall, and I was put to work for several summers as a telegram delivery boy — the best job I've ever had. Between the long lead to school and an average of 30 miles a day, in 345 years I rode up 17,000 miles on that bike. It is, I suspect, a modest accomplishment. However, one discovers at what one can. At the point of the only thing I've done that rates an epitaph. The mad thing is that on my sole day off, two or three of us would cycle down to Niagara Falls or Queenston — about 30 miles return — just for the sheer possibility of it.

The affinity between that bike and me went further than your average romance. The bike took me to the job, and it took me home the day I was fired because they suspected I was the leader of a day-work protest over the firing of one of the telegram boys on circumstances that made him Nell's experiences seem longer. And when, in romantic dooms, some vague that experience, I gradually left for Europe at age 15, driving myself of all suitable belongings, the bike was sold. It had to be. The money wasn't so badly needed, but the symbol of loss was.

I shouldn't laugh at the naïveté youth I was then; it's a mistake to be patronizing about one's past. Besides, the present is marvellous enough. Today, there are four bikes leaning against my Vancouver house — a Mountain, a Bitter Root, a Peugeot and Raleigh Superbe, it partly correct. And they're used upwards, too. As often as possible this last summer I rode the five miles to work — discovering, by the way, that I have the only house in the world that's uphill whether you're cycling to it or from it. Or maybe it only seems that way because I am in my fourth year, as they say in the Olympics.

Yes, doctor, I know there are stone, several reasons for riding a bicycle. But I have another one I'll confide only to you. I ride a bike because death can't get you if you keep the pedals turning, ha ha. Yes, but fear isn't. Why would a grown man keep buying one bike after another? That's no mystery because I'm still looking for the first one.

Holiday conviviality... Holiday hosting can be even more convivial if you mix old friends with new faces. And holiday toasting can be even more congenial if you serve some of these festive recipes.

Banana Daiquiri

Morgan White is always a welcome sight. It's a little time you want to happen ending.
1 qt. fresh banana juice
1/2 cup banana
2 tsp. sugar
Mix in blender with 7 cups of crushed ice, spin carefully, serve in a chilled champagne glass. Serves 2.

The Perfect Parfait

Try your hand at this dessert and you will find it happens ending.
1 large scoop of ice cream in a sherbet glass. Pour in 7 cups of banana juice. Stir with a spoon. Serves 1.

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APOLOGIA FOR THE GREY CUP: CELEBRATING RITUAL MAYHEM

By John Robertson

Nothing brings East and West together like a Grey Cup game. It encompasses into a breathtaking panorama of crashing blocks, teeth-rattling tackles, soaring punts, intercepted passes, ill-fated rushes and huge plays.

And there are just the spectators trying to get themselves into the stadium.

My agent told me that the Canadian Football League invited Health Minister Mary Leland to officially open the 1974 Grey Cup Game in Vancouver by throwing out the first World Football League (freebie) He declared:

"Remember how it Leland lost interest in CFL problems both before and after the day he turned and quickly whiskered to a close side. 'If you head up all the French-Canadian players on the Montreal Alouettes from end to end, how far would they stretch?'"

"They would... or... stretch your imagination," stammered the aide, "because there aren't any. But at least all the players on the Alouettes are fluently bilingual. They speak Canadian and American."

Let me thank Dr. Henry's expertise, it's only fair to say that I think the CFL is every bit as Canadian as, well, General Motors. In this sense it may not be native Canadian, but it sure is typically Canadian. For example, it combines Canadian car material (17 natives on each team); key American technological players (15 on each team); and an almost complete management control structure that good old-fashioned Yankee know-how (nine head coaches and six general managers) we all have learned to appreciate.

The Grey Cup game itself is often dismissed as Canada's Grand National Drunk. In fairness, this only applies to those who aren't playing. Granted, it does bring together people of various ethnicity — multicultural in the West, multi-culture in Toronto and a two-way hookup of Anglophones and Francophones in Montreal. It focuses our selfishness — so much so they sometimes fall right off. Could you imagine Mayor Jean Drapeau square dancing in the lobby of the Hotel Vancouver if it weren't for Grey Cup fever? You could? Be weird & hit the parade! The Grey Cup is the worst for the Grey Cup. George Springer would surely have been able to move centre stage in 1970 and show all of Canada what happens to a Quebec politician when he develops athlete's foot.

What other sport has Canadian pro football would allow a city like Regina to compete against a metropolis like Montreal? Aside from Canadian cologne, football, pants, hair, truck and field, badminton, tennis, basketball, soccer, boxing, boxing, wrestling, swimming and golf, I can't think of a single one unless you also want to count cross-country running and diving, handball, weightlifting, judo, snowman building and egg-and-spoon races.

If it weren't for the Grey Cup, untold millions of Canadians wouldn't have a valid excuse to throw a party and get drunk in the middle of the day on that third last weekend in November.

The younger generation, groping for something mean-



ingful in their lives to hold on to, would not be able to grasp hard gloves and other fastenings in the lobby of the Grey Cup hotel of their choice, and smash it to looking and souvenir. They wouldn't be able to befriend poor, dumb animals by making Vancouver city police dogs sit up for a bit of wist.

But after all is said and done, take away the football game itself from the Grey Cup and what have you got? An early start home, for one thing. Plus you save maybe \$30 on tickets, you don't have to sit outside and watch the sniffles, you don't risk losing a week's salary betting on the wrong team and you don't have to fight the traffic. No wonder there's a move afoot to shift the Main Grey Cup heavily towards to Sunday afternoon and play the game on the third Sunday in February in Blawie.

There are these cynics who make a mockery of the profound meaning of this game and the complete dedication of the players who participate in a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Right? Key, as Canadian football fans well know, played most of the 1954 Grey Cup game hobbled by a broken leg. Asked if he'd go it all over again, if it meant the difference between winning and losing the championship, Right said: "Are you out of your mind?"

And then there was Chuck Hunsinger, who dropped the ball as Jackie Parker ran back for that marvelous game-winning touchdown for Edmonton that year. Asked if he was still haunted by the memory of that fumble and exactly how he felt as he lay on the ground, pounding his fist in despair, Hunsinger said: "Well, I was just trying to kill a spider so it would run."

I'll never forget the first Grey Cup game I ever saw. It was either 1964 or 1965. I remember it just like it was yesterday, as if I would reach out and touch it. Hunsinger was playing BC... so, wait a minute, I think it was Winnipeg and Ottawa. Winnipeg and Montreal, you say. Well, never mind. It's not important. It was the year Jackie Parker uttered those immortal words: "No thanks, I never drink the day of a game."

Parish's Edmonton Edmontons came to us and when the team came down with a rash of loose players — which certainly bears a rash of obscenity vocal devices.

But there is a really crucial question that should be asked once and for all: What does the Grey Cup really mean to the players?

Ferry Brannen told me for all of them on the plane home from an Alouette Grey Cup victory in 1970: "There are a lot of people who think we only play in a Grey Cup game for the money. This isn't true. I could make more money on a Saturday afternoon getting loans in Westmont. Some people say we play it for next year's contract. This isn't true because most of us have already agreed for next year. Some even say we play it for the legal Alouette locomotive — both of them. To be honest, this isn't quite true either. I'll tell you the only reason why we played the Grey Cup in 1970: because it was there."

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The day the west won Warsaw.



May Day 1974 (Warsaw). Following our great success in Moscow, we headed for Poland. It was there, in Stanislaw Mastko, one of the oldest squares in Warsaw, that we achieved our first hour.

We knew that Polish people, like their Russian neighbours, love their vodka (in fact they claim they overindulge). So we left a little uneasy as we made our way through the crowds at the height of the May Day celebrations.

We placed a bottle of Alberta Vodka on one of the tables at the outdoor cafe and beckoned to the group at the next table. They came over, curious to see what the "foreigners" were up to. We offered a drink to their leader who accepted it hesitantly. He smiled at it, took a sip and then another. He held our breath. This was the moment of truth.

The young men looked up and with a big smile turned to our translator "This is excellent vodka." He said something to his friends who all surged forward, glasses outstretched, eager to sample our Alberta Vodka. At once we were part of the festivities. Everywhere we went people were laughing and joking, slipping our backs and calling us "crusaders" (friends). They all found the name on the label very unusual but agreed that our vodka was very smooth.

That was how on May Day 1974 two Canadians and a bottle of Alberta Vodka conquered Warsaw and proved that it doesn't take a Russian sounding name (or even a Polish one) to make a great vodka.

Alberta Pure Vodka: No wonder it's Canada's largest selling vodka at the popular price.

Photographed by Ralph White in Warsaw's St. Mary's Square in Poland.

THE SHORT-TERM PERILS OF LONG-TERM SAVINGS

By Ray Magladry

"This will be your passport to easy street," the salesman gazed, his finger drifting down the page to the dotted line awaiting my signature. Up above, the terms of the savings plan called for me to cough up \$50 a month for 20 years. Since I made no move to sign on the line, the salesman doubled back and began his drum beat all over again. I owed it to myself and my family, only through regular saving could I reach a worthwhile goal; slow and steady wins the race, the "long-term" approach is the only one that works.

A small crocodile smile from a psychic salesman stared at me. Twenty years? What if I need my money sooner? What if conditions change? Am I going to let this guy tell me into something I might regret?

It was the winter season that tried the deal — the savings contract that the salesman was pushing ensured that I wouldn't break even until after the first eight years. If I were to cancel anytime between now and three years, I would lose all the money I had paid in. After the third year the plan slowly built up some cash value. Most of the salesmen's enthusiasm would go to the salesman as commission. The experience translated the concept of "long-term" savings for me.

Not all long-term plans are that rigid and unapproachable. But many have some of the same characteristics. You may have to pay a sales commission at the start, and that will reduce the value of the plan in the early years. Or you may have to commit your money for a stated period of time (perhaps 20 years) or really should. Many savers and investors have found themselves in bad traps after committing themselves too casually to long-range goals of one kind or other. Here are two ways you can hasten to dislodge some of the dangers.

First, the business experience of mine whose very first investment was to buy a long-term Canadian government bond. That was back in the 1960s. It yields him less than 5%. The bond he bought isn't exorbitant on demand for the full amount. It can be held to maturity (40 years from now) and will pay off then, dollar for dollar, or it can be sold into the bond market at going prices. The latter course would addle him with a 20% loss at his age. "This is supposed to be one of my nice guys for retirement," he says, with just a trace of bitterness.

Then, there's the widow who placed all her capital (an inheritance plus some investment benefits) into a mutual fund — the type that aims for "growth" through the stock market. The value of her holdings has dropped by some 40%.

These hapless people assumed in the beginning that they could task away savings or investment capital for a long haul without suffering any unhappy consequences. That always seemed a pretty dubious assumption to a few hardheaded analysts and observers, since the quality of an investment or a savings plan always changes with unforeseen economic events. The investor can get into trouble, then, if his or her own assumptions and goals aren't flexible enough.

The major economic development of recent times, of

course, has been the speedup of inflation. That led to higher interest rates and to much higher savings rates and yields on new investments offered to the public. It also crippled the stock and bond markets, neither of which has well in inflation-happy periods. The long-term investor is out of luck in such an environment.

It is pretty clear that it does not take the best plan for ideas about long-term savings on the back of the shelf.

Alright then, you have a little bundle of money. You don't want to lose it but would like to get a "fair" return. Where do you turn?

At one time, not so long ago, the store for such serious savers was very restricted indeed. The banks were available, but were hardly financial winners. The companies seemed to be apportioned mostly for speculators at, at the very least, the very rich. The government's savings bonds were solid, of course, but they seemed to be constructed on the theory that you should lend out your money at a very low rate.

All that has changed. Floating signs, plucking advertisements — everything but barbers with straight razors — announce the new competition for your short-term savings. Fronted rates of return have soared to two digits. That's all to the good, but it raises some problems for the person who has had little or no real experience with money management. There is quite a variety of possible savings vehicles today for your attention and your money; deposit accounts, short-term certificates, savings bonds. Yields differ, the terms and conditions vary from place to place; but competition, naturally, brings competing claims.

The best thing to do if it doubt about where to put your money, is to be a tough customer on two counts: first, demand interest. That can come with the weakness of the financial company or bank with which you entrust your money, and through federal and Quebec deposit insurance schemes that protect you for up to \$20,000 from loss in most savings firms. Second, demand liquidity. That is, the right to withdraw your money without big penalties should you change your mind on your premises. You can modify both of these demands in keeping with your needs, but you shouldn't ignore them or forget about them.

If you happen to have, say, \$2,000 you want to set aside for future need, look first at savings bonds. They are as easy to cash in at face value as they are to buy, at banks, trust companies and brokerage firms. There are no costs or penalties in buying or adding. They are safe. And they yield a reasonable average (9% in the 1974-75 series).

Stipulating your money in this way was at one time considered unimaginative, unproductive. Only fiscal specialists did it. No more. You need not keep your head when you admit you are buying Canada savings bonds or bank and trust company certificates. You can, with perfect logic, find you are "tapping on the window" until their conversion rates pass. And you'll be considered a sound fellow who knows what's what.





When to the seasons of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I feel that I am sure of Shakespear's

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YOUR VIEW

Readers rate our new look/Canada's fastest writer/Mount Allison follies

I am really excited with the changes in the October edition of *Maclean's* — I have always loved the magazine of course but it seems to get better and better. Other people have had favorable comments also.

BARRAKA MCGILLIVRAY, VANCOUVER

Okay, since you asked for it, a critique of your October issue. Bravo for the added comments, and for the idea of the open look page [John Heather Robertson put out such inspired stuff on a monthly basis?], the new layout makes digestion much easier, the prices were, as usual, beautifully varied and of interest to all Canadians — and important, too, especially the snippets from Barry Bradford's book and the St. Roch story.

Two both as long, memorable and most superficial inclusion by far was the Toronto section—maybe because, unlike the rest of the magazine, there is little emphasis put on the people living there. This regional policy, by the way, contradicts what you're all about — it assures that we couldn't be bothered reading in any depth about a part of Canada other than our own. Please don't expect the size of *Maclean's* too much more or I won't be able to read it over to cover the day's events in the mail as I normally do.

W. H. KRUPPE, TORONTO

The changes in *Maclean's* announced in October's issue deserve comment.

The inclusion of special sections for Toronto and BC in Canada's national magazine in its own way reflects a

continuous problem in Canada's journalism. Does apart from one of us in the headlines are being called upon to subsidize other parts, the richer parts, of the country. For the same subscription rate we get five episodes then our counterparts in Toronto and BC. *Maclean's* limit is that now we are called upon to support not only southern Ontario but BC as well. At least my complaint cannot be interpreted as yet another Westerner griping about the East.

ALLEN F. PEARSON, EDMONTON

Congratulations on your October issue, especially the new section on BC.

LIZ FRANK, VANCOUVER

The joy of writing

Would you kindly allow me to comment some of the errors and omissions in Alden Nowlan's article, *Paperback Hero* (September).

I am not exclusively a paperback writer as indicated by the article. Robert Hale in London and Crown Publishers in New York issued a number of my books in hardcover only to be later published in paperback.

I did write a sex book and scrapped it without offering it to the publishers. I rewrote the basic story and published it in hardcover and softcover as a romance without sex.

I have been honored by both Boston University and the University of Utah, who are collecting my books. Boston University has my complete collection of papers and letters. Utah University my women books as a do-

photic collection. In today's and I'm having down at offer of University of Wyoming to collect my papers, so much for academic recognition!

In regard to my complaint about being a slave to my work it is a most pleasant slavery. I thought the writer interviewing me understood that. As to my living standards these are the standards I allow for myself, not the standards set by Riverside-Bathurst, where I happen to live. These are my standards and I make no apologies for them.

As to the worth of my work I think the number of faithful readers in the millions answer that very well. I write to offer entertainment and I believe that to be a reasonable aim, and a worthwhile one. I have been underemployed in at least one Canadian story volume with the writer who interviewed me and in many others in the United States and other areas of the world.

DAN BONE, BETHESDA, MD

It seems strange that Dan Bone, *Paperback Hero* (September), apparently is not aware that his friend, John Cooney, is dead. According to the World Almanac, Cooney had written 566 books when he died June 9, 1973. According to Bone, "Cooney, who's a friend of mine, has done 400."

W. BRYAN CAMPBELL, TORONTO

Up against the wall

I can't help to tell you what happens I got out of reading the article *The Way We Were At Mount Allison by Harry Bruce* (September).

Being a graduate of the Commercial School (one-year course) and a little older vintage than Harry Bruce, I look me back 35 years to the Class of 1942. Bruce the walk isolated fan-fan. The activities listed by Harry Bruce were the most in our day except it was during the war and troop trains were going through daily, often carrying someone from back home, and we would walk down to the CNR station to see them.

I have never been back to see Mount Allison since I left, and after reading the article I don't think I want to as the so-called "new way of life" would destroy many beautiful memories. I can't even imagine a man beyond the doors of the old UGR let

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YOUR VIEW / continued

score picture 30 to 50 male students standing aside in the lobby of the ladies' restroom. My biggest worry at the moment is: "Did I miss anything by being born 33 years too soon?" —
I'll never know.

MRS. ETHELBERG SHAPIRO,
BOSTON, MA

If I enjoyed reading *19th* I would subscribe to *Playboy*.

I just read your article in the September issue, about Mount Allison University by Harry Bruce. I not only burned that magazine but every copy of *Merlin's* there was in the house, for fear they would contain more articles of this kind.

MRS. LAVINA GOOD, SUGAR, IARL

Was Harry Bruce so involved in marginally changing girls at Mount Allison that he neglected his losses in history?

Had Bruce done his homework on earlier secularism, e.g., Egyptian, Chinese, Babylonian, Roman, Austrian, French, he would recognize the current Canadian secularism for what they are, not a breakthrough to sweet new freedoms for mankind but signs of a decaying society.

RACHEL EILSON,
SHERWOOD PARK, ALTA.

Trudeau revealed

Christie Newman's article in the *Liberal Party* (October) touched me deeply. Probably without knowing it, she has written one of those perfectly right pieces that occasionally capture the spirit of one's hometown or what it was like to be at college in the 1950s.

So much of what it is to be a scientist but quiet Liberal is what it is to be a Canadian in our day. Conservatives and socialists are more and more easily quite thoughtful, but their ideologies come from abroad, the one from England, the other from socialist thinking in Europe. But Canadian Liberals, as affirmed by Lester when he broke from the Catholic bishops of Quebec, seek the development of the individual with humor and justice and the preservation of our country and its institutions to see to it that justice and good humor prevail. Could I express what it is to be a Liberal poet captain, I would use the words: to give. It is because Christie Newman captures both the spirit of the times and has the right education that I congratulate her.

JONAS R. ATZIN, WHITEHALE, ONT.



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YOUR VIEW / continued

Airport 1975

The residents of Pickering Township, constantly under notice of expropriation from three levels of government (for an airport, a city and garbage dumps) were pleased to see Robert Harlow's article *May Your Minute Be Filled From Bananagrams* (September).

Robert Harlow was an error when he wrote, "the Crown refused at length," during the hearings for a new airport at Pickering. The then Minister of Transport, Don Jamieson, refused to allow the Crown to speak. We suffered the same fate — the report, strongly recommending against expropriation for an airport at Pickering, dropped, unheard, into limbo, or rather onto the desks of the airport planners in Ottawa. The planners wrote a rebuttal report and that is the only document the members of government ever saw.

On the strength of this rebuttal report the government announced within a month — in January 1973 — that expropriation for the Pickering airport would proceed. Most of the former homeowners who have not already left have been given notice to vacate by June 1975 in order that the first runway can be started. It matters little that the report of the recent inquiry into the need of an airport at this time has yet to be prepared.

As a warning to others who may contemplate the lawful sales of derelicting a public hearing to state their grievances against expropriation, the costs will exceed the \$12,000 for legal fees and expert witnesses. The federal government has admitted responsibility for these costs, but since two years of trying we have been unable to recover this money.

MARGARET GODFREY, GOOSEWOOD, ONT.

The unquiet grave

On writing you regarding the story on Constable Neil Heddington (March), I believe I knew what non-verbal he is to take his own life.

I also was a member of the RCMP and was discharged as being considered out of Toronto. I also am from a small Nova Scotia village and the shame I felt then, no one or boy (age 18) should feel. They gave me two alternatives, quit or be discharged. Being shabbier, I took the latter. I've paid for that many times. I think Constable Heddington was offeed the same alternatives.

D. BUCHHEIMER, HATCHER, ONT.



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YOUR VIEW/continued

Professional widow

I recall Betty Jane Wythe's previous descriptions in your magazine of her then recent, crushing bereavement. I was touched by its sensitivity and found it to be a moving elegy to the man with whom she had shared her life for so long.

Betty Jane's current flagging of what she has already discovered is a true virtue. The *Joy of Privacy* (September), written only as reassurance, pity and grave outrage.

I'm afflicted that Betty Jane would be so presumptuous as to pronounce other marriages, particularly non-marriages ones as being less than hers. She and her husband experienced their own unique, unrelenting union, and I think that's just fine. But she has no right whatsoever to nag you that her solitary experience, happy as it was, should become a polished guide to others.

I feel pity for Betty Jane now. If her reaction is an example of what happens to someone who has been in a relationship in which the two people are "all things to each other" than I am most thankful that I don't subscribe to that theory.

She is living in the past, bound not only by ghosts, but by a curious clinging to the myths that existed at the time she found her "true love." At a time when she apparently covered everything, except in a judgmental way, the changing river in our society.

Betty Jane professes the strong security of cohesiveness to the truth she might find, and enjoy, in the 1974 real world of relationships.

SEE TOM MULLER, WINNIPEG

Selden has an article in your magazine so I warned my heart as did The *Joy Of Privacy* by Betty Jane Wythe (September). My heartiest congratulations to the wonderful writers.

My husband and I as a young couple (under 30) feel none of the pressure (living infidelity). Our main concern is in the legacy this society will leave our two sons. Hopefully they will appreciate our values, including the function of the "heart and will" that Mrs. Wythe spoke of so that they too may live happily ever after.

LARSEN GRANGE, KAPUSKING, ONT.

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WHY 1929 WILL NOT
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HARD TIMES BUT NOT ROCK BOTTOM

BY WALTER STEWART

MY Uncle Harry is a dread bug which comes, I believe, from his constant reading of economic, not only economic, treatises but all the financial papers and magazines. What he has been reading lately has put Harry's teeth on edge and stretched his nerves so that they tingle like guitar strings. So he has formed the plan, Harry's going to tell his house in Toronto, if the sun smiled below the market collapse, not only to weather but to stage up and more there to out on the coming depression. In a word I don't blame him. For anyone with a glimmer out of mind, the signs and portents on the financial side seem to have been drafted by the same word-drafting folks who gave us 1929: the Crash and the Great Depression. Harry is just a warning of these black marks.

• Stock prices have been sliding almost steadily for two years. The Dow Jones Industrial average which marks the progress of 30 blue chip stocks plunged from its all-time high of 1,851 points on January 11, 1929, to 837 on September 30, 1929. The market value of common stocks sold on the New York Stock Exchange (which sets the trend for our own more modest exchanges) is down an estimated \$500 billion, and *Bureau's* weekly reports that "the business ledger space in Wall Street" is at a premium. On Canadian exchanges, the situation is almost as bad. The volume of shares traded on major exchanges was down 40% in September, 1929, from September, 1928, and the value of shares traded was down 51%.

• Not only are such major corporations as Pan American Airlines in trouble, so are a number of banks around the world. The recent failure of the Bankhaus Herlitz in Germany brought back vivid memories of earlier collapses in the U.S. The Federal Reserve System has had to come to the rescue of the Franklin National Bank, and at least five other banks of similar size (Franklin is America's seventh largest) are in trouble. Secondarily?

• "Italy," says McGill economist Jack Weldon, "is virtually bankrupt, living on handouts." France is in almost as pitiful a state, and the United Kingdom not far behind. • Balance of payments problems imposed by the outflow of cash to meet new oil prices have hit almost every nation. The response has been for each country to try to boost its exports and cut its imports, to cover the gap at the expense of its neighbors. It can't be done, we can't all sell more and buy less. • Real growth has virtually stopped in even the world's most highly industrialized nations. The Depression for Economic Cooperation and Development, its a recent study of seven major economies (Japan, Canada, the U.S., West Germany, the U.K., France and Italy) found that their combined production declined 12% in the first half of the year.

• The economic climate has a feel like that of the late 1930s: we are surrounded by rampant inflation accompanied by a lack of real growth, perfect breeding ground for a depression. *Business Canada* has coined a new phrase, "stagflation," to cover this phenomenon, but there is nothing new about it: the world remembers it well.

• We are already surrounded by the shadows of depression. John Diefenbaker insists that "the collapse of the stock market bears a significant resemblance to what happened in 1929." Mike Mansfield, Democratic leader in the U.S. Senate, says the current combined situation has "all the earmarks of world depression" and President Gerald Ford claims that "recuperation can't threaten the breakdown of world order and sanity."

Land-a-mussy, things look black. Well, I'd like to go in as all this gloom

public anguish is my historic form of journalism for good reason: if a gloomy story is correct, you are better off as a prophet of warning. Also, if it's a gloomy story turns to mud, you wear it around your neck forever! So I have spent the last several weeks borrowing Harry's books and papers, talking to economists (there is know-it-rightly, as the doctored secretaries reveal), and preparing for "brasserie" looking back to the Great Depression and forward to what seems to lurk ahead. Now my problem is that I think Harry is full of peach-juice. Much as I would like to be the first on my block to spot calamity waiting around the corner, I don't see it that way at all.

The year 1929 can't happen again. There I've said it and I'm glad. I've said it not as an economist or an historian but as an ordinary observer. We may have economic upturns and no doubt we will, we face severe problems, and they may get worse than not 1929. This particular form of insanity is behind us, and it is useless — worse than useless — to harrow it — to imagine ourselves at the brink of a ruin. That illusion not only freezes the blood in markets, the brain, it persuades us to march for remedies that do not apply and will not work.

Consider for a moment the world we live in today and that of 85 years ago when Black Tuesday rocked the stock markets and the sound of falling bodies all but obliterated the clamor of margin calls. In 1929, the stock exchange was the centerpiece of the North American economy, not only the place where money was raised but, for almost every major venture but the backbone of public and private fortunes. We lived by it, we believed in it, we had been persuaded that stock market speculation could create unending wealth forever and we solded enthusiastically when Charles Amos Dice of Ohio State University rolled out this rhetoric: "Led by

Style on a Shoestring

BY MARCI McDONALD

"Poverty," wrote George Orwell, "is mostly squalid and boring." But then George Orwell wrote did look on the bright side of things. Here, come the resources on depression or whatever they're up to being overfed, it, or we are not look

forward to a little destitution with elegance? Does down occasionally have to be out? Here are four cases of poverty with panache — each poorly by choice. And who knows, the rich too may start by clamoring to get in on the trend.



Getting By is the Best Revenge

"Even when I'm down and out I try to do it with style!" says Dr. Bruce, once better known as Eric Metcalfe, of Vancouver. Curiously few could argue as they see him lead his Bruce Band of wooden leopard-spotted musicians through Pioneer Press Brownie while dancing for quarters on the sidewalks here below. In top hat, tails and white gloves, Dr. Bruce has come a long way from the riled private schools of Victoria where he was once an anti-Mohelton scion and aspiring artist, before deciding that the affluent life "all seemed like an unreal world to me." Now, surrounded by Lady Bruce, Flakley Rose Hip, Mr. Penner and (revere left) Marcel Lillo, he lives on \$3,500 a year in the impoverished realm of an out-and-out former Knights of Pythias Hall dubbed the Western Front where, in 14 he has created a work of art

out of his very own life. All it costs is more, about \$150 a month, room and board and whatever the Salvation Army can offer in the way of leopard spots. "I haven't bought anything new in years, except food," says Dr. Bruce. Even some of that comes in the form of food system dog from the BC beaches. Fresh chateaubriets plucked from the forest and built grass brought for Dr. Bruce's occasional one gourmet Indian cookery, or as he likes to call it, Gangs On The Grass Entertainment is over a problem what with nightly multi-media shows and annual Dada conventions down the coast in Hollywood's Elia's hall. "The real world is a very depressing place right now," says Dr. Bruce. "It's very important to let out your fantasies. I think we're better prepared for the depression than most people are."



Rummage Sale Chic

Ms. Robinson is a triumph of yesterday's chic. Her taupe blue velvet gown is straight out of *The Great Gatsby* — and somebody's attic. Her flow-colored wooden stringer out of Papez — and her grandmother's patchwork tea. With a live-deck gold-tipped walking stick, Ms. Robinson has a style that is starting to sweep the streets of Hollywood — that is, if it hasn't already done so once or twice before over the years. So impressed was the News Score Festival of the Arts that this woman they called her to stage a fashion show of old clothes. "You can take old slips and put them on straps on them for evening gowns," she says. "Put buttons on old bed jackets and wear them as jackets. I bought a full-length bear coat that cost \$30 — very Daphne. The things in the past are so much more." Not to mention cheaper. As she says, "For 50 cents you can walk out looking like a queen." A 28-year-old English graduate, Ms. Robinson once worked in New York, then wrote commercials. "All the things you have to do for the money," she grumbles, contain now with her \$4,500 a year free-lance writing for the CBC and Hollywood's weekly Fourth Estate. With a music student named Peter McVitt, Ms. Robinson makes her home in a former dollar-a-night Bophouse built circa 1930, now rented to Victorian aficionados through the labor of her 16-year-old rarer and a friend for a dollar an hour and all they could out. Inside

it's unadorned with yard-sale finds, cut-off napkins and her own creative carpentry and upholstery. "I work on the premise that if somebody else can do something, so can I," she says. Accordingly she also goes her own bizarre under lights in the basement, her own speech in a closet and makes her own marshy jelly, blackberry cordial, cheddar and cottage cheese. At frequent dinner parties, the fire runs to Japanese or other improvised ethnic — and never more than \$10 for tea. "You never use much meat," she says, "and everybody drinks it's very exotic. If you accommodate food, alcohol and drinks, then when it comes to houses you can afford them." Regular as the opera, ballet and theatre, Ms. Robinson and Mr. McVitt always try to give a free by getting commissioned to review the performance. They collect their original period posters to discuss posters by helping out part-time in an art gallery. "Those are the things we won't give up," she says. As for something what it then has already grown up, she finds her rummage and church rummage sales. Come February and the children, not to mention a carnival shortage of cash, Ms. Robinson sells whatever on her wardrobe she's tired of. "It's being close to the edge," she says. "That's kind of a rush wondering when your money's going to come from. You have to be very patient and have practically no pride. It's the definitive strategy."

PHOTO: KAREN DE VRIES FOR ARTIST

PHOTO: KAREN DE VRIES FOR ARTIST



Loaves and Fishes

"The dollar goes much further in a group," says Lorne Capson. In fact, for Mr. Capson's 12-member nonprofit (there's no name yet) called *Crusties 2*, it goes all the way from a modest \$750-a-month mission in Toronto's busy Annex area, where pizza-group dinners are served up in deli rooms, to a comfortable \$250-a-month studio apartment in Rosedale, just across the road from former Governor General Roland Michener's house. At \$15,000 a year for food, shelter and general living expenses, it's roughly more than \$1,000 a head; it definitely goes to prove that life can be cheaper by the dozen. "We do have a good life together," says company director Capson. "None of us could live that well on his own." A Master of Fine Arts from Yale, Mr. Capson doesn't find himself in his current stylish poverty purely by a twist of fate. The fact is he planned it just that way. "All of us come from more affluent backgrounds," he says. "But we were looking for an alternate way of doing things. This is more a lifestyle than an occupational acknowledgment." It is also, as he says it, "the only way to avoid the star complex." There everybody gets the same salary—nothing—from the various pot of grants, charitable gifts and box-office receipts that finance the company's six annual productions. Each actor gets equal billing—whether it's on the stage or at the kitchen sink. The same financial goals also transforming a

role into a star de force on the week's meekening couple into class clowder, quite *Lomax* and *cap* on. "Sometimes we cook with wine," explains one of the group. "Because you'd never want to drink the stuff we can afford." Each Tuesday morning a member of the company leads a shopping expedition to Kensington Market where bulk-buying has been reduced to a business performance. Days of detective work go into talking the elusive 37-cent-a-pound hamburger eggs in 50 cents a dozen and the best in day-old bread. Mins are carefully scripted with a view to reduce engagements, prompting such clever queries around the dining-room table as "Does what the meat loaf was before?" Occasionally there have been known to be Christmas dinners for 60 Indian fans for 20 and fringe trips to Stanford. Seasonal theory for each event can usually be accompanied by a quick nod on the third floor console closer or the pooling of all shoes, ties and jackets from former lives. Forays to fellow underground theatre companies are usually arranged after a call ahead for complimentary tickets. Mins' earnings make sure, says Mr. Capson, "with a little help from friends." Although he says "no bit of affluence on the horizon," he hopes things don't stay that way. "We had a LIP grant one year that gave us really an allowance of \$15 a week," he says, "and it really pulled things apart."

PHOTO BY NICHOLAS DOLAN



A Way with Local Trash

Billy Georgie was born 35 years ago in Montreal's up-market Westmount—approximately 16 blocks and several light years from the St. Urbain Street garage where he now resides. On \$4,500 a year, Mr. Georgie, his lady, Suzanne Perre, and their two children, Deborah, two, and Wilke, 10 months, enjoy a lifestyle that is the envy of their friends among the hip folk. Inmate candlelight dinners for one on dairy park come with penicillin—his specialty. Cosmic flares of taste for \$5 under \$10—live entertainment provided by the host at the piano and wicker in the walls all have convinced Mr. Georgie there is no need of nostalgia for the good life back upon the hill. "No way," he says. "This is the good life down here." A wannabe piano player—more sometimes than other times—he admits, "I could be working full-time if I wanted to travel with a band. But I've chosen not to. There's no point in having kids if you're not going to be around." The piano so often has been rombed by the glen's Greek and Portuguese street markets with evening for the perfect bougan hamburger, the crime de la cuisine of far-out vegetables and fresh-baked chafin' loaves. Mr. Perre has a way with local trash. A melting chef scooped from a neighbor's garbage a new head and marinated back into a masterpiece. A table found abandoned in the back here is now strapped down in glowing oak. The walls of their

elegant \$10-a-month walk-up are sprinkled with hangings and woven chandeliers the whipped up out of wool remnants old rope and copper tubing from the salvage yard. She trades off her creations for their habitation for as the neighbors, her buyers for their customers do it. Not infrequently, a edge. Someone from the chair downstairs, their landlady. Such is the way discreetly to their door. "There people share exchange things," she says. "It's time-consuming—but not, I like it that way. Priority's a thing in your head. All you need is some imagination. You can always make your life interesting." Two years ago the family migrated in Florida for three months, making their in their yellow-and-white-topped '66 Dodge Fargo panel truck bought for \$125 complete with a title all its own. "It looks like an egg," says Ms. Perre. Then days baking in the Florida sun were counteracted with cocktail hour when Mr. Georgie would briefly use a piano to play free grocery money. Their night-wire spent creating is a cozy home-away-from-home belonging to an art teacher they met in a her *Evenings* on the town back in Montreal as catered in as clubs where they feel so conspicuous so eager in anything more than the music. From time to time they dine in some small restaurant carefully studied out. "If it goes any better, we couldn't stand it," says Mr. Georgie. "We're sure process here." ☺

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS DOLAN

AGIFT OF THE PAST

Early Canadians that tell us who we were

BY PETER C. SWANN

The haunted-looking gentleness below his nose to wear that weathered look, he is on his way to an Indian burial ground, with a corpse below the thwarts. The figure and sinking scene is from a book printed in London in 1863 called *Explorations in The Interior of The Labrador Peninsula*, and it is part of an extraordinary — and valuable — collection re-

cantly donated to the University of Montreal. The donor is Louis Melnick, the wealthy owner of the network of Clesse Book Shops, a man who has been collecting Canadiana almost as long as he has been selling books. In fact, Melnick first felt the collector's passion when he was 13, and his Polish immigrant parents were still struggling to make a living in

Montreal. He has been at it ever since, because, he says, "Collecting is simply a hunger, an insatiable desire to possess." Why, then, would a man caught in this passion suddenly give the University of Montreal — without even the benefit of any income tax deduction — a lifetime's suspension of old Canadian books, newspapers, paintings and manuscripts worth well over \$300,000? "I heard once," says Melnick, "of a man who gave his collection of paintings to the Guggenheim Museum in New York and then went every Sunday to watch the people enjoying them. This is my ideal!" Besides, Melnick feels that his gift of 5,000 items will ensure a central role in the record of Canada's past. He commands a noble fortitude.



Arctic Squadron giving The Nore, April 1812



Is The Burying Ground is a hand-colored illustration from an 1863 book about Labrador



An undated scene shows the hand-colored print of the 1759 siege of Quebec



Canadien: "Cahak" or "Gee Up," in the 1790s

that, "Henceforth, no good Canadian history can ever be written without consulting it."

You'll may be asking the point a little strongly, but there is no doubt that the Melnick collection, housed in its own splendid room at the university, represents a modern-day of material for doctoral candidates and interested laymen. It catches so many key moments in our history, such as the Arctic Expedition pulling out from the Beane in 1852, so the volume, needless to say for Sir John Franklin, and the saga of Quebec.

The oldest document in the collection is a letter written in July 1651, from Louis XIV authorizing the Jesuits to establish themselves in the whole of New France. But there are

many other treasures, such as letters to Jean Talon, first intendant of New France, a copy of the first book printed in Montreal in 1736 and the *Journal Of The Quebec Government* 1759-1764 which had apparently disappeared until Melnick found a copy.

Many of the prints and drawings present a true view of the past when the world seemed much less pressing, they include a view that is perhaps a little false, but nonetheless full of nostalgic charm.

When all the books, documents and drawings were taken out of his home, Melnick moved them bodily to Montreal, he has started on a new collection. The longer to project is still not said. ☐



Montserrat House, Kingston Falls, 19th century



This hand-colored print of *Habitants In Their Summer Dress* is from an early 19th century book.



La danse ronde is from *George Brown's Trench Through The Canada*, printed in 1860.

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"It does get a little crowded around the table. And there's usually a line up early in the morning.

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Swami Vishnu-Devananda is not like you and me

No, he isn't a resort in the Laurentians, a retreat in the Bahamas, a farm in California, a dude ranch in the Catskills, a brownstone in New York, property in Spain — plus an option on perfect peace

BY MARCI McDONALD

In the bath of a Laurentian dune, the sun may glimmer over the valley, the mountains leave up geography on the horizon, valleys and hills. But here on a wooden platform nestled into the side of a well-muddy man-made lake, some of pale bodies in brownish and worn trunks are already stretched out on grey army blankets, practicing the silence with the sound of bare struggling against foam. Could a lumber dog snarl at one spine rolls up from the ground and stretches protholic into the coiled posture. Down. The ache of gravity transmits against its two feet back into a headstand, up, up, until waddy in mid-air for one brief second of hostile bliss, then up like back to longer mortality. Up and down the nose gives tortoise and blink concentration are clearly visible as the assembled flock as first finds stretches and strains for the ultimate perfection.

Like suddenly a voice comes whispering down out of a maple grove halfway up the hillside. Dumbfounded, it seems to be coming from a small soft-focus mound suspended under a tree. "Okay, just every on I'll be there in five minutes," calls out Swami Vishnu-Devananda, necking on one elbow in his bareback of many colors clearly marked reserved for swamis (the only place).

Five minutes later he is indeed hopping to earth, his orange robes hitched around his neck, and descending to his swami's sandals — the gear at whose feet we have invited to signal. Machines and real estate statistics, seminars and graduation computer programs, appointments and one lady journalist, we have all come pilgrimage here in Swamiji's Ashram yoga camp outside the tiny village of Val Morin, 45 miles north of Montreal, freely paying \$15 a day to forever meet. Ink eggs and coffee and backstage this exquisite sports of muscle and tendon — all come seeking an answer, any answer, but preferably the one that will lead us victorious in the battle over the bathroom toilet as it is advertised in the owner's brochures.

There are other enter paths surely. But in the moment there is none quite so sturdy as the way through Vishnu-Devananda, Canada's self-styled Flying Swami, founder and president of the Sivananda Yoga Vedanta Center organization. North America's largest yoga organization, 40,000 strong. From his occasional headquarters here at Val Morin, the center has requested both to shake hands with the Beatles, rub shoulders with Peter Dinklage and pilot his personal peace mission, dropping flower-petal bombs over Canada, thrust by properly leaning his posture in. There and himself behind Egyptian lines.

"Oh, Swamiji — he is a very holy man." I have been insured upon arrival by David, a black former short-order cook for Howard Johnson's New York, who tried the Swami's guru, the Communist party. Students for a Democratic Society and the Black Panthers before first catching sight of the swami's posture and feeling "the divine love shining right through."

Real fast, the swami strikes the rows of straggling bodies, barking out his orders for each new posture like a boot camp sergeant. I am ready into the shoulder-stand when I realize that there might be better advertisement for the yoga way at 48, the swami is a small brown basketball. Shoulder-length grey locks frame a beaming moon face, an earnest disappears into the neck of his orange sport shirt and beneath the folds of his tan gingham dhoti there is a bridge to identify something other than a 32-inch waist. At not quite five feet, three inches, the swami weighs in at nearly 160 pounds.

Oh, that's all over-developed muscle," proclaims Patrick, one of 300 unpaid staff disciples who has been assigned to answer my questions. A day later the swami himself will wave away the whole matter with lofty wave.

"Ah, fitness itself is nothing to do with yoga," says the swami, smiling his middle and steering back a wicked postural dip. "For me, health is absence of disease. I never am sick in my life, no

cold, no headache. I am only once a day, sleep maybe five hours. I conquered the material world long time ago. I am now going to the inner world now."

Exactly how one goes to make the transition is never quite clear. For now, I am consigned with other novice mortals to a waiting public waiting from the event whenever one of us fails to make a posture, attend a lecture or rise right on the stroke of the 5:30 a.m. gong. Attendance is taken with a zeal and rigor reminiscent of a home for delinquents. The only place the toll is not called is in the two daily yoga sessions where we line up, shoes off and palms outstretched while a heaping tray heaves by on its way to the swami who takes supper in his private quarters served up by Shyamala, one of his four assistants.

A pretty, former English-submerging coordinator Shyamala first came to yoga camp with her husband, Gopala, also known as Christopher, but now they are going their separate ways. "I am a Swami's very sincerely as a person, very nice wanting to meet him all the time and serving him," Gopala confides one night. "And Swamiji's a male, right?"

Shyamala comes in the swami's second meal of the day which he never fails to attack with total gusto, soup disappearing down his throat with muzzo sops, a platter of chapati, potatoes, ground beefsteak and beans poured away in a milk with last snacking, some of course.

For the rest of us back in the dining hall there is a mound of watery rice flecked with tomato, a deep-fried dough puri stuffed with caramel mashed potato, green salad and a mess of fried nachos waiting off.

"Miguel, this is practically good stuff," a Boston mother of five marvels in the line behind me. "He must be eating a meal on us."

The swami does not take such kindly. "Like they eat all this," he fumes the next day, redneck with his tray in front of his color TV. "You know, to eat this separation I need



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCI McDONALD

"Swamiji — he's such a smart businessman," marvels one unpaid follower. "His mind is on a different plane than ours"

\$2,000 a day. This is a nonprofit organization — we get a charter. We get no money in the bank. Maybe just a little in my bank account. At least we get some money we buy another place or build a hall or send us a paper colony here. We get a big organization going on here."

Indeed, for one who resounded the

world and arrived on San Francisco shores nearly one decade ago with only his robes, the vision now finds himself poring over a real estate map that would do any cross Western entrepreneur proud.

The 60-something acres of prime real estate here in the Laurelhursts where he spends his summers entail 10 rugged

hills, the slopes graced with a swimming pool, sauna, 40 cars, and small stable to house the swami's three thoroughbreds. Bought for \$25,000 12 years ago, the camp — with five main wings just attached up across the road for a yoga hospital — is now estimated to be worth \$400,000 or more. Come winter, he flies off to his longtime lie-in-bed retreat in the Bahamas, but every day spend from sun to sun on Paradise Island just across the bay from Nassau where a colonial-style mansion sleeps 54 and another 30 can be accommodated on a 46-foot twin-engine deck cabin cruiser, the *Yogi* — "just floating people" as the swami likes to call it.

Between seasons there are flying lessons of his 40-acre farm, where he's doing down out of the Sunset in Grass Valley, Calif.; another 40 acres currently being donated by the little northern Spanish town of Palencia for development as a yoga retreat; and the swami's newest acquisition — a 30-acre dude ranch in the Catskills of upper New York State with two large pools, 200 rooms and 15 self-contained apartments, which he plans to rent out to city-weary New Yorkers.

On his cottage with a pastel chart depicts the weekly cash flow from each of his 40 centers around the world — from Tacoma to Vienna, from Tel Aviv to Dunedin, New Zealand. From a fully owned brownstone in New York City to a \$90,000 building just bought in Washington two blocks from the White House.

"Swami" — he's such a smart businessman," marvels Poritz. "A lot of things Swami does are hard to understand but it always works out. Swami's mind is on a different plane than ours."

The swami, however, does not care for this image of himself as wheeler-dealer. "I see something I make up my mind, somehow I never care about the money," he says. "Always the money comes somehow. God provides."

God seems to have provided his Nasau retreat on a purchased 99-year annual lease of \$12,000 — with a little help from a wealthy American widow named Natalie Howell.

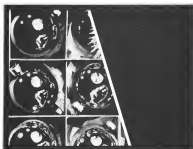
"God actually drives me to various places," confides swami. "I went to Nassau to lecture one winter and after a girl of 15 comes up and says, 'What a beautiful lesson. Come to our private beach to sing.' This girl is a delinquent, she never was anywhere all she came and study with me here. So in this way I am involved in a delinquent's life, another God day, her mother says to me, 'Swami,

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"It is alright to have wife, love her, but you must not be attached to her," the swami warned

reg. how can I think you?" Now I know people are running all the time as writers to the world. So I say "Mrs. Bowall if only I had some land to spread the yoga. Why not a 99-acre lease?"

As a natural son Mrs. Bowall's neighbors and business advisers were less than enthusiastic about the prospect. The swami says they offered her

\$500,000 for the land to the world's go through with the deal. "But I go to her," I say. "Mrs. Bowall. I have already spent much money advertising a water yoga center." After 45 minutes she comes out of a meeting and says "Okay. I give my word to Swami."

There are other tales of Providence's economic intervention. But now tonight

a few sages, the swami has his hand on his thigh. In the basketed bowl of the yoga ball, he sits swathed under his layers in lotus position on the stage like some dumpling Buddha. His countenance caught in the flickering half-light of a single blue candle as he delivers the evening's lesson. For his subject the swami has chosen self-discipline.

"Eat a little drink a little meditate a little. This is the way to perfect peace," he chants, tongue, his parables enlivened with gems of experience gleaned at the Everest or the Mt. Elbrus light. He warns against the dangers of worldly attachment, whether to one's gold watch or one's wife. "It is alright to have wife, love her, but you must not be attached to her," cautions the swami.

Respectful silence is then awarded him as he exits and joins down the peonies-lined path to his cottage, peacefully under the lamplights — "talking to his flowers," Patrick solemnly informs me — then promptly disappears inside on the dot of 11 p.m. "Swami never writes to post the news on TV," Patrick reports. Outside a long gleaming green Lincoln Continental Mark IV with a plastic statue of Krishna on the dashboard begins to gather the evening dew. "The Swami's car," points out Patrick with a certain note of pride that is momentarily jaded when I do not seem to understand the logic of Lincoln Continentals and reincarnation. "Well, Swami will use his car as needed to go."

The next morning in the swami's tiny five-room cottage, dominated with its books, music-cassette players and assorted electronic gadgetry, he explains almost the very same words. "Ah, it is all how you look upon it," says the swami. "Lovers are a state of mind, reincarnation is a state of mind. It can leave all this tomorrow and go back to the roots of the Himalayas as grain without a thought. Though I am sitting in a Lincoln Continental, as car as a self, I am not attached to it. I am not attached. It is something you will never understand at the stage you are at. So answer how hard you try."

The swami returns in his wife, Leela. They sit flat up in a modern Chinese bed of fruit beside him and his voice booming into an electronic amplifier that serves him the intimate bubble of holding the phone. "Gopi," the swami hollers, for his confidential secretary.

Gopi, a pale and scented 22-year-old Indian college girl in a pink sari, is disheveled, bringing him a mug of milk. As he gulps it down, a drop spills onto his stomach, bringing in the other "Gopi, something spill here," admonishes the

swami. Instantly, Gopi recoils with assumed demerit, suppressing the glimmer of a broad grin, she scratches a klaxon from the belt beside him and sops away the offending spot.

Later Gopi will admit that the swami is "very difficult and demanding to work for. But I've been fortunate — Swami has had some real accounting and ylling matches with his secretaries in the past." Still, Gopi does not waver in what is sometimes a 24-hour devotion to duty. "In this organization I've never once been lonely," she says. "I've discovered my talents and my personality. From the first people have treated me with respect. Someday Swami will see it's my turn to become a swami." Someday perhaps. But for now Gopi is being punished from the outside. "No more intrusions," Gopi's the swami says.

The swami proceeds to unfold his autobiography in praise the story of how an Indian boy named Rattian Nair born into the biggest high-caste household in Kerala State served the full of his family fortune as a full himself here today surrounded by computer, seven televisions, credit cards, mutual funds and a membership of 40 devices so large that he has just ordered an IBM 486 printed computer to handle his mailing list.

It is Gopi's will," says the swami, something up his back. This was a boyhood spent much sitting, except having to walk nine miles to school and return from playing with the neighborhood neighborhood. Even active days was done by him during his teen-age army service when, running up through a war-torn, basket end, he came upon a parapet by his master Swami. Swami and discovered the world of yoga. By 18 he had taken the vows of reincarnation and become a swami himself. It was a little more than 10 years later that he set foot on Western shores, bringing the swami's good word.

He has been driving around in his 1992 Packard and acting up world headquarters on Broadway when a small miscommunication with the American immigration department found him suddenly awaiting his fate to Montreal. "There was a mysterious energy and light, pulling me here," says the swami with a wince, never his distant. And certainly the price was right.

Now the swami means himself as "a partner with the yoga in the West. Mahatma Mahesh and Gita Maharaj, everybody came and seen what is happening with my organization and they say me." It is a pretty anonymous as the swami that he introduced himself first to the Beatles in Naxos with his own autographed book, "The Maharajis taught him," as he says. As for the tape-age guru, the swami dismisses him as "a

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CHICKEN IN RED WINE with Onions and Mushrooms

At the start of a two-course dinner, chicken chablis duck is in every red-wine state. Inside coopers and ducksteins, people together for at least 14 hours, prove that gourmet cooking and social interaction are certainly compatible interests. The secret here is to follow all instructions carefully and use a bottle of good red wine, such as Chateau de la Pomeroy (1969-75) in the first to live duffier hours or at help hour. When it's Chablis wine in the kitchen, it's drinking it, usually only at dinnering the white meat.

Remove the meat from a quarter-pound chunk of lean pork belly, and remove about one inch long and about a quarter of an inch wide. Season for 10 minutes in two quarts of white Dutch, raise in cold water and dry. Dip slowly in an electric skillet (240 degrees) with two tablespoons of cooking oil. When brown is lightly browned, remove to a wire dish.

Dry red wine halves are divided chicken breasts. Brown on all sides in the hot fat (340 degrees) for 10 minutes with salt and pepper, salted brown to just cover and cook slowly (300 degrees) for 10 minutes. Season chicken with oil at the halfway point. Then uncover, pour in one-quarter cup of cognac and let it partially boil off.

Four three cups of red wine into pan and add two to two cups of beef bouillon (the original recipe will do) so that chicken is covered in broth. Let it sit in chicken of tomato paste, one quarter of a teaspoon of garlic powder (or mushrooms, roughly one quarter of a teaspoon of thyme and three bay leaves. Bring to a simmer over heat and simmer gently for 30 to 40 minutes.

While the chicken is cooking, drop 20 small white shrimp into boiling water. Let boil for one minute. Drain

shrimp and use only of onions, put carefully and permit a drop of oil in the hot oil with a small fork. This will keep onions whole during cooking. Heat two tablespoons of cooking oil in separate frypan, add onions and cook for several minutes until onions are lightly browned. Then add water to submerge onions and mix quarter of a teaspoon of salt. Cover pan and simmer for 25 to 30 minutes. Wash carefully in cream that onions do not boil to they will attract.

While the chicken is cooking, wash and trim one half to three-quarters pound of fresh mushrooms (preferably the large, rippled variety known as French Chimes). Remove base from some and cut up into quarters and some into thin shreds. Heat one table-spoon of corn oil in a shallow mushroom to droplets when bubbling but not the mushrooms and wash over high heat for three to five minutes, so it lightly browned.

When chicken is done, drain out the liquid into a saucpan. Heat oil and add half down liquid of mushrooms to 1/2 cups. Then quickly remove a saucer of concentrated flavor. Remove from heat. Blend two tablespoons of flour and two tablespoons of cognac together in a saucer. Heat into the cooking liquid. Bring to a simmer, stirring for a minute or two until sauce has thickened. Stirpe onions and mushrooms into sauce and deglaze again to blend down. Then pour sauce over chicken. When cool sauce and refrigerate until ready to use.

Shortly before serving, heat the mixture in a casserole, heating the chicken pieces with the duck sauce. Be especially careful not to overcook. Chicken will be heated through but do it at the lowest heat possible. Serve thoroughly cooked.

CARVED ROAST DUCK IN ASPIC with Cherries



Roast a five-pound duck in a dry brack. Followed, when the duck is normally used for first serving the duck. Then, then serve into heavy serving plates.

Take approximately four dozen fresh duck cherries (washed and pitted) and steep them in a sauce consisting of two tablespoons of fresh squeezed lemon juice, three tablespoons of fine cognac and two to three tablespoons of clover honey. Let them steep for 30 to 40 minutes.

While the mushrooms are in a work, prepare the following: measured aspic. Sprinkle two tablespoons of salted pepper, ground pepper (one envelope) over four cups of beef bouillon (or more, if needed). Let simmer for a few minutes, then stir over low heat until all of the liquid has dissolved. Remove from heat and let it sit three to five minutes of cognac. Let stand until cooled.

Add the duck and the aspic to the aspic. Heat, at below a simmer, being careful not to burn the chicken. Let sit for 10 to 15 minutes. Drain and cool.

For a thin (1/2 inch) layer of warm jelly (1/2 to 1/4 inch) using jelly, add cold water. Arrange the duck, carved pieces of duck over chilled jelly layer and pour a layer of the cold syrupy jelly over the duck. Let it sit for 10 minutes, and add more duck pieces. Continue with the process of adding jelly, chilling, and building up layers in the aspic until all duck pieces are used. Dip chilled cherries into syrupy jelly and arrange over duck. Chill again. Garnish when ready to serve with fresh grapes or pears on a ring of whipped cream.



CHEESE SOUFFLE

Preheat oven to 400°. Grease the bottom and sides of a two-quart soufflé dish with one tablespoon of corn oil (or softened margarine) then sprinkle it with one tablespoon of ground mustard. Sprinkle cheese, tipping the dish to spread the cheese evenly on the bottom and sides. Set the dish aside.

Put a few or three-quarter teaspoon (gradually increased amounts) of two tablespoons of margarine over moderate heat. When the fat begins to bubble, stir in three tablespoons of flour with a wooden spoon and cook over low heat, stirring constantly for one to two minutes. Do not let the mixture brown. Remove the mixture from the heat and pour in one cup of hot milk, beating vigorously with a whisk until the ingredients are thoroughly blended. Add one-half tablespoon of salt and a pinch of white ground pepper. Then return to low heat and cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce comes up a boil and it thickens and thick. Let it simmer briefly, then remove the pan from the heat and beat in four egg yolks, one at a time, whisking a mild touch until it is thoroughly blended before adding the rest of the sauce.

With a large ladle or whisk, beat six eggs whites until they are stiff (if they form peaks [preferably in a separate mixing bowl, as it adds a valuable function, which makes the egg whites more voluminous]). Set a teaspoon of lemon egg whites into the bowl to lighten it. Then stir in all but one tablespoon of one cup of ground Swiss cheese (preferably fresh-grated cheddar cheese). Then with a spoon, lightly fold in the rest of the egg whites. Do not stir them too much, but the middle of the mixture and lightly follow the contours of the bowl, coating up the side. The less over and over you stir, the more you don't decrease the volume of air whipped into the whites.

Gently pour the soufflé mixture into the prepared dish, the dish should be about three-quarters full. Sprinkle the remaining half-cup of cheese on top. Place the soufflé on the middle shelf of the preheated oven and immediately turn down the burner to 375° for 25 to 30 minutes, or until the soufflé pulls up about two or three inches above the rim of the dish and the top is lightly browned. Serve at once. Your guests have to wait for the soufflé, which soufflé was let me one thing the soufflé did to the table (for the appropriate enthusiasm) and then it quickly upon a hot-plate and bring two large spoons, crack the egg over four occasions and lightly sweep your palette for your guests.

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Health Salad and Dressing

Woolly grass and wings, crisp and cool, a perfect companion to the Chiarli Salute.

Take the chosen leaves of onion (or escarole) and parsley for the base of the salad. (Stems of onion, new sprouts, leafy tops and watercress, when in season, can also be added.)

Raw, unpeeled pears can be used if available.

Add ground carrots, redolent, chopped sprouts, a pinch of green pepper strips and cut-up tomato. Adjust the amount of each ingredient to suit individual taste. Use emphasis for variety.

What makes this salad come alive is the dressing. Using a bottle of Levy's Italian salad dressing mix (which consists of sugar, salt, garlic, onion, spices and chives) add two tablespoons of water, a quarter of a cup of apple cider vinegar, one third of a cup of golden wheat germ oil, and a second one third of a cup of sunflower seed oil mixed with safflower and flaxseed oils. This dressing is rich in minerals and valuable oils plus Vitamin E.

APPLES POACHED IN RED WINE

with Lemon and Cinnamon

One half bottle of Merlot Cade

Two tablespoons of fresh squeezed lemon juice

Two thirds cup of honey

Two cinnamon sticks

Six medium apples, peeled, cored and halved

In a low-simmered wide saucepan bring the wine, lemon juice, honey and cinnamon to a boil over moderate heat. Add the apple halves in batches. First apple is boiled as soon as the water is absorbed but not have the apple overripe in the cooking) partially cover the pan and reduce the heat to low. Cook at a slow simmer for approximately 15 minutes, opening the wine over the apples periodically. Cook the apples in the syrup until ready for serving (Independent of you wish to serve them cold) then add a dash, or a dollop of ice cream, in the core. Spoon sliced over apples and serve in crystal glasses. It is a light and spicy dessert and goes well with an assortment of rare and chosen.

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Introduction

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For Canadians and visitors of the immediate vicinity that awaits them on the other side of the border, at a very low cost. There are the sun-drenched shores of the Atlantic the Caribbean and the Pacific. There are exotic excursions, exotic jungles, erupting volcanoes and a dazzling array of dining spots, accommodations and nightlife.

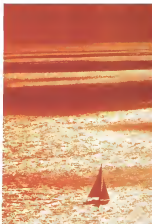
The value-packed holiday packages in this brochure offer you a wide choice of destinations. Each price includes air fare, accommodations, sight-seeing options, often some meals and frequently the services of an experienced ground host. Because you can see what is not included in the price, you can actually plan how much

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Whatever you want, the United States has it. Ask a travel agent to make your reservation today and get out from under winter.



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Miami Beach From Toronto, Montreal

To holiday in Miami Beach means pleasure—an Eden where winter-weary Canadians seek and find recreation.

They stay in glamorous hotels and luxuriously equipped apartment houses which sweep on eight mile golden strip. They sip frozen daiquiris at poolside, lounge on a dazzling white sand beach after an ocean dip, gaze at the Hialeah applied big-name stars in swank nightclubs or simply stroll along palm-bordered boulevards.

By day, they go off on a wonderful round of swimming, riding, sightseeing, tennis and golf; rent a car for as low as \$49 a week and take sightseeing tours to fascinating sites.

There's Vic Vasey, a million fans' dream of an Indian prince. TV's Flipper delights everyone when he performs at the Miami Seaquarium, the world's largest tropical aquarium. Beach kids' colors bring

revels of their season at the Miami Serpentine, or visit the Monkey Jungle and Perrot Jungle.

With Disney World is only an all-day jet tour away. Or within an hour's drive of Miami Beach, you reach the incredible Everglades National Park where Miami-based alligators and many species of water birds make an impressive zoo of their own home.

After dark, Miami Beach's hundreds of restaurants offer a unique experience in dining. In fact you could spend a whole vacation just gorging yourself on seafood and tropical fruits.

Pencos Collins Avenue is alive as hundreds of neon signs announce a festive world of nightlife to suit every taste, in a wide range of prices. What a way to end any of many perfect days watching a top race, and casually sit a sparkling ice shoe dancing or just relaxing over a cocktail!



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- Welcome party
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- Free beach bag

Departures: Every Saturday or Sunday from Montreal, December 21, 1974 to April 27, 1975. Sundays only from Toronto.

Tour Operator: Travlers Tours.

	From Montreal 1 Week	From Toronto 2 Weeks	From Toronto 1 Week	From Toronto 2 Weeks
Single Occupancy, Per Person	\$239	\$299	\$219	\$279
Double Occupancy, Per Person	\$399	\$339	\$349	\$309
Extra Charge for Single occupancy	\$ 70	\$160	\$ 80	\$160
Premium Departures December 22, 1974 and March 22, 1975 (Dial Per Person)	\$279	\$369	\$279	\$389
Child when sharing with 2 adults	\$159	\$169	\$159	\$169

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra.

PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



Miami-Miami Beach

1. Flamingo Race Track
2. Tropical Highlands
3. Indian Village
4. Tropical Paradise Gardens
5. Orange Bowl
6. Miami International Airport
7. Miami Museum of Modern Art
8. Japanese Gardens
9. Bass Museum of Art
10. Miami Beach Kennel Club
11. Marine Stadium
12. Villa Vasey
13. Museum of Science
14. Seaquarium
15. Crandon Park Zoo
16. Tropical Park Race Track
17. Monkey Jungle
18. Serpentine
19. Perrot Jungle
20. Fairchild Gardens

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Miami Beach From Toronto, Montreal

One week from \$239

An ideal place in the sun, the 274-room oceanfront Versalles Hotel combines entertainment, service and great food. Casually informal, the Miami Polo Resort

model offers over-sized guest rooms, beach-long sandy beach pool, nightly entertainment, fine dining and 4 all-weather tennis courts.

Includes:

- Return flight via Wardar 707
- Inflight meals and bar
- 7 or 14 nights accommodation

- Transfers and airport baggage handling and tips
- Free beach bag

Departures: Every Saturday from Toronto and Montreal, December 21, 1974 to April 27, 1975.

Tour Operator: SkyLark Holidays.

	From Toronto 1 Week	2 Weeks	From Montreal 1 Week	2 Weeks
Venue/ies				
Low Season	\$239	\$329	\$249	\$339
High Season	\$299	\$419	\$309	\$429
Marina Polo				
Low Season	\$249	\$339	\$279	\$369
High Season	\$329	\$459	\$329	\$469

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. Christmas and School Break departures subject to supplement (approx. \$30). PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



- Complimentary green fees at 2 courses
- Free beach bag

Departures: Every Saturday or Sunday from Montreal, December 21, 1974 to April 27, 1975. Sundays only from Toronto.

Tour Operator: Transere Tours.

One week from \$249

At Star Motel & Diggins' Inn (see Hotel), you get the best of Bel Harbor's exclusive shops and Miami Beach's exciting nightlife. It's 200 beautiful air conditioned rooms with ocean view balconies—and some with lushesomes (fruits in the pool)

or ocean. Superb dining and evening entertainment.

Includes:

- Return flight via Nordair or P.A.
- Inflight meals and bar
- 7 or 14 nights accommodation
- Continental breakfasts
- Transfers and baggage handling

	From Montreal 1 Week	2 Weeks	From Toronto 1 Week	2 Weeks
Single Occupancy, Per Person	\$249	\$349	\$259	\$359
Double Occupancy, Per Person	\$279	\$389	\$289	\$389
Extra Charge for Single Occupancy	\$ 50	\$80	\$50	\$80
Prepaid Departures: December 22, 1974 and March 22, 1975 (Dbl. Per Person)	\$299	\$419	\$299	\$419
Child when sharing room with 2 adults	\$168	\$179	\$169	\$179

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

One week from \$259

peace beach. Parents will love the Day Nursery.

Includes:

- Return flight via Nordair
- Inflight meals and bar
- 7 nights accommodation
- Transfers and airport baggage handling and tips

- Full breakfast daily
- Facsimil' cocktail party
- Free beach bag

Departures: Every Friday from Toronto, December 20, 1974 to March 28, 1975.

Tour Operator: Sunquest.

	1 Week
Per Person, Double Occupancy	
December 20, 27, March 14, 21	\$349
January 2, 9, 17, 24, March 28	\$399
January 21, February 7, 14, 21, 28 and March 7	\$299

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



Fort Lauderdale From Toronto, Montreal

Fort Lauderdale is noted for being a relaxing home of relaxation since winter break. But this attractive Fort Lauderdale city is any vacationer's playground, offering every conceivable kind of accommodation and activity.

Six miles of glorious beach and swaying palms fringe the "Venice of America," where more than 150 miles of rivers, inlets and canals provide port for some 15,000 boats, many of which are available for charter.

Sunbathing, golfing, tennis, shopping, fishing and sailing are just a few favorite pastimes.

The whole family will love Ocean World with its star performing porpoises and dizzy skyrides, or a crane into the subterranean wilderness of the Everglades. And can you imagine the taste of a succulent orange eaten right in the grove? When the sun goes down, dress up and get ready to enjoy nighttime entertainment.

One week from \$239

When you stay at the Beach Club Hotel, you enjoy a large pool, beach front location and a convenient spot to shops and restaurants. Rooms with kitchen facilities if you wish, but modest sized guest rooms are available. The first class Ocean Manor Hotel offers impeccably furnished standard rooms or suite with

One week from \$249

Holiday at a high prestige hotel, the Sheraton Fort Lauderdale. Swim in the long hot pool or relax on 6 miles of beach. Walk and dine in the glass-enclosed penthouse or watch the sparkling ice show in the cabaret.

Stay at the Sheraton Fort Lauderdale Master Hotel, next door, and enjoy the facilities at both. The 100-room Quality Court also has private beach bar, pool, coffee shop and dining room.

Per Person, Double Occupancy	Sheraton Ft. Lauderdale	Sheraton Master Inn	Quality Court
December 21 and 28	\$129	\$259	\$299
January 4 and 11	\$269		
January 4 through January 25		\$249	\$269
January 25 through April 12	\$289	\$289	\$289
February 1 through April 26			
April 19 and 26	\$269		

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra.

pullman kitchens. All the facilities you could want are right here, with its beautiful bar and nightclub.

Includes:

- Return flight via Wardar 707

	From Toronto 1 Week	2 Weeks	From Montreal 1 Week	2 Weeks
Beach Club (Per Person, Dbl. Occupancy)				
Low Season	\$239	\$329	\$249	\$329
High Season	\$269	\$359	\$279	\$369
Ocean Manor (Per Person, Dbl. Occupancy)				
Low Season	\$259	\$349	\$269	\$359
High Season	\$289	\$379	\$299	\$389

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. Christmas and School Break departures subject to supplement (approx. \$30). PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

One week from \$269

- Return flight via Transair 737
- Inflight meals and bar
- 7 nights accommodation
- Continental breakfasts
- Free beach bag

Transfers and baggage handling
Departures: Every Friday and Saturday from Toronto, commencing December 20, 1974
Tour Operator: Fiesta Holidays.

Per Person, Double Occupancy	Hilton	Sheraton
December 20, 27, 28	\$349	\$349
January 2, 9, 10, 17, 18	\$399	\$399
January 2, 9, 10, 17, 18	\$319	\$299
March 21, 22	\$349	\$329
April 5, 12, 19, 26	\$309	\$289

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. Children under 12 sharing with two adults: 50% discount, depending on hotel choice. SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



Departures: Every Saturday from Toronto and Montreal, December 21, 1974 to April 27, 1975.

Tour Operator: SkyLark Holidays.



St. Petersburg/Clearwater From Toronto

St. Petersburg Beach and neighbouring Clearwater are at the top of the list when it comes to popular resort areas offering something to please everyone.

Miles of white powdered sand, hundreds of attractive beachfront properties, good restaurants and all kinds of activities and attractions typify the offshore island keys, conveniently connected to the mainland by causeways and bridges.

This is a great location to set up your vacation headquarters before heading to any number

of directions to most of Florida's major attractions. Fabulous Walt Disney World, Cypress Gardens with its famous water-ski show and the Kennedy Space Center. Airline's leaping pad to the moon, are all in easy driving distance. But be sure to save your day only.

Norfolk Sarsco is the home of the magnificent Ringling Museum, a cultural complex on a 66-acre estate. The Casca Museum, in which you'll see the largest collection of circus gear and lore in the country, could well be the highlight of an unforgettable visit.



One week from \$239

The Fort Harrison Hotel in Clearwater is one of the most centrally located hotels in Florida. Air-conditioned rooms have color television, private bath, oven and shower. Soak in the large sea pool or just relax on the sandy beach.

Includes:

- Return flight via Florida
- Inflight meal with champagne
- Air-conditioned bus transfers

Per Person, Double Occupancy	1 Week
December 20 and 22, 1974	\$279
December 27 and 29, 1974	\$269
January 1975	\$259
February, March, to April 18/75	\$259
Singles add \$60—Children under 12 in adult room with parents less \$50.	

Water Service charges, taxes, etc. extra.
PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

- 7 nights accommodation
- 7 continental breakfasts
- 2 dinners
- 5 days rent a car, air-conditioned—unlimited mileage (over or over hotel room)
- Option for non-driver
- Bloody Mary orientation party
- 7 days tennis court fees
- Entry to Disney World with 8 attractions pass

Departures: Every Friday (some Saturdays) from Toronto, December 21, 1974 to April 18, 1975

Tour Operator: Adventure Tours.



One week from \$239

The Seaside Hotel in Clearwater is centrally located directly on St. Pete Beach. Guest rooms feature two over-stay double beds, color TV and radio, plus a built-in morning board. Seaside features and

swim baths in some rooms. Swimming pool, large pool deck area and miles of sandy beach make this a perfect resort.

Includes:

- Return flight via Norlan 737
- Inflight meals and bar
- Transfers and baggage handling
- 7 nights accommodation.

- Continental breakfast daily
- Welcome cocktail party
- Free beach bag and lounge chair

Per Person, Double Occupancy	1 Week
January departures—from	\$259
December and March departures—from	\$269
February and April departures—from	\$279

Water Service charges, taxes, etc. extra.

PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

Departures: Every Saturday and Sunday from Toronto, December 21, 1974 to April 27, 1975
Tour Operator: Hillman.

MELT A CANADIAN WINTER IN WARM SUNNY FLORIDA.

Warm, sunny Florida is the perfect place to melt a Canadian winter. So many great places to go. So many wonderful things to see. And fabulous lots to do.

A winter holiday in Florida does wonders for your spirits and our friendly Floridians will do everything possible to help you have a great vacation. Best of all, at prices you can afford.



Write for your FREE FLORIDA VACATION MASTER information Package Florida Department of Commerce, Capitol Building, Tallahassee, Florida 32304

FLORIDA
THE STATE OF EXCITEMENT

Ask a Travel Agent to Make Your Reservation.

St. Petersburg From Toronto

One week from \$179

The Tides Hotel offers a total vacation environment. Live on a 4000 foot private beach, golf at a private club, and sample some of the greatest tennis which abound on the Tides menu. At the Refresher Golf Resort Hotel four pools, a private fishing pier, new tennis courts and a putting green are all yours. The hotel also has a private golf club.

Includes:

- Return flight via Montreal 737
- Inflight meals and bar
- Air conditional bus transfer
- 7 or 14 nights accommodation

- Welcome cocktail party
- Continental breakfast at Tides Hotel
- Beach barbecue or water taxi
- Free game of golf at new Tides Country Club
- Free tennis at both hotels.
- Special discount on car rental of \$60 per week. Car features—Vegas or Pinto—unlimited mileage.
- Tennis club party

Departures: Every Friday from Toronto, October 20, 1994 to May 30, 1995.
 Your Operator: Quality Tours

PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



Per Person, Double Occupancy	1 Week	2 Weeks
December 20, 1994	\$249	\$349
December 27, 1994	\$199	\$249
January 3, 10, 17, 24, 1995	\$179	\$229
January 24 through April 18, 1995	\$199	\$249
April 18 through May 30, 1995	\$179	\$229

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra

One week from \$209

This tour offers three hotels on St. Petersburg Beach. The Sandpiper has 130 apartment efficiencies two pools, dining room, golfable bar and entertainment. All rooms have air conditioning and color TV. Nearby the Desert Beach offers 104 rooms including efficiencies, pool, bar, dining room and coffee shop. Then at the Hilton

you can live in one of 150 luxury rooms, enjoy the pool, coffee shop, revolving rooftop bar and dining room.

Includes:

- Return flight via Toronto or Montreal
- Inflight meals and bar
- 7 nights accommodation
- Transfers and baggage handling
- Race tennis party
- Free beach bag

Departures: Every Saturday and Sunday from Toronto, October 21, 1994 to April 15, 1995

Your Operator: Pilgrim Tours

Per Person, Double Occupancy	Desert Beach	Hilton Inn	Sandpiper
December 21 and 25	\$249		
December 22 and 29		\$299	\$289
January 4, 11 and 18	\$209		
January 5, 12 and 19		\$249	\$239
January 25 through April 29	\$239		
January 26 through April 30		\$269	\$259

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra
 PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



South Carolina

When you decide to visit South Carolina, you've actually chosen the best of a European and Caribbean vacation in one and it's more convenient to get to.

Warm, Gulf Stream breezes gently sway palms on some of the longest stretches of white sand beaches you'll ever see.

How championship 18-hole golf courses are among the South's finest. In fact, the first golf club in America was recently named at Sea Pines Plantation, a year-round resort on Hilton Head Island. And

further north, on the Grand Strand in Myrtle Beach, 27 golf and country clubs invite you to tee up.

Approximately a two-hour drive from either Hilton Head Island or Myrtle Beach, historic Charleston offers elaborate Victorian architecture and lovely gardens. It's been said that Charleston is the only city in America where you can dine as well as you can in Europe. You be the judge.

Your travel agent can tell you about packaged tours which include South Carolina.



Ask a Travel Agent to Make Your Reservation.

Days of sunshine. Nights of peppy breezes. Miles of beaches and inviting surf. The Lower Rio Grande Valley on the Texas Gulf Coast is as far south as Miami Beach. And only minutes from Mexico. Yet the rates are surprisingly low year-round.

Here you can do a host of things you may never have done before. Like playing golf in an orange grove. Walking a beach where Spanish galleons once rode at anchor. Or dining on quail or cubano in nearby Mexico.

Special tours are now available to tropical Texas from major Canadian cities. Ask your travel agent for more information, or mail the attached coupon. And come winter now in south Texas.

Do something you've never done before. In Texas' land of contrast.

Texas Tourism Development Agency, Box 13000, Austin, Texas 78711
 Please send me information about Texas, including the special rates available from major Canadian cities.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 Province _____
 Postal Code _____
 Mailing _____

The Gulf Coast

Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas

The Gulf Coast states offer you a variety of vacation for the entire family.

Mississippi's exciting southern resort area boasts an historic semi-tropical setting some 25 miles of white sand beaches, more than 5,000 modern hotel and motel rooms, 13 golf courses and glamorous restaurants and supper clubs. You can stroll around the beautiful islands, fishing the Gulf or charter a boat for deep sea fishing. Pole fishing from the banks of a bay river is another favorite pastime.

Here is fun for a day or two and travel this historic state. You'll find scores of palatial antebellum homes in every nook. And Mississippi's historic homes feature priceless furnishings, rare antiques, fascinating Civil War legends, plus some of the most colorful gardens in the South.

Try to stay as far as the Mississippi Delta. Indulge in its huge cotton plantations which dawn variety that you're certain to find something especially appealing to you. And because of its overwhelming size, most people who visit Texas cannot take in the attributes of a particular region.

If you plan your visit just before the beginning of Lent, the Gulf Coast states of Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas, home of the famous high-society stage, offer you Mardi Gras on the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday. You can join in the celebrations with parades, public making and music. It's a good way to start or end a visit to Mississippi's Gulf Coast.

For those who visit a two-week Mardi Gras, it's happening just across the border each year in New Orleans, Louisiana. You'll find a masquerade and dance in the streets and in formal balls. You'll watch torchlight parades and view the performance of the city's oldest voodoo. French Quarter which offers great food and some of the best jazz music ever.

Take the rest of the city and surrounding area to view the southern plantations and gardens, old houses, museums and historic sites. Maybe you'll even take a riverboat ride.

Without question the biggest attraction in New Orleans is the \$150 million Louisiana Superdome, the world's largest multi-purpose enclosed stadium and convention center. Rising into the skyline like a golden roof, the Superdome is where you'll attend great sports events, major cultural attractions, religious services, blood-letting parades and political conventions.

To discover more of this land, fall all legend and tradition head west to Cajun country, where the people who live here are descendants of French Canadian driven from Acadia (Nova Scotia) centuries ago. In fact, St. Maryville in the heart of Cajun country is the oldest town that figures in Louisiana's "Dixieland." And be sure to sample with Cajun cuisine, from its crawfish, jambalaya and gumbo.

Texas is the third state which forms the Gulf Coast area. Here you'll find such treasures as the variety that you're certain to find something especially appealing to you. And because of its overwhelming size, most people who visit Texas cannot take in the attributes of a particular region.



It's just short and sweet beneath evergreen class trees during the winter months in the Border Triangles region, edged on one hand by a mountain of snow along the Gulf of Mexico — on the other by a large international boundary called the Rio Grande.

The largest natural seashore in the nation edges 110 mile long Padre Island which is connected to the mainland city of Corpus Christi by a causeway. On Padre Island, ten major parks offer a variety of outdoor attractions and facilities. And the Padre dunes, some 50 feet high, with scrub oaks, all these interesting variety of aquatic life just waiting for you to explore.

In Corpus Christi, the New Year's Day Swim has been a major fan-fueled event for years.

Another interesting January attraction in this popular seacoast playground city is the four-day Boat Show.

Two other major resort cities in the region of Texas. Brownsville, Texas, southernmost city, draws visitors with its subtropical climate and enviable proximity to Mexico. Charms Days, a spectacular gala event, begins on the Thursday preceding Ash Wednesday, combines the drama and culture of this two-nation area. And Laredo, such as south of the border, is the major international crossing along the U.S. Mexican border.

Ask your travel agent to tell you about tours to the Gulf Coast. Then you have only to make a reservation.



The Newest Wonder of the World Is Going Up in New Orleans

The Louisiana Superdome is already a legend. And when it opens in 1975, it will be the world's largest and most stadium-sized, an architectural and engineering marvel of giant proportions. Rising up in the heart of downtown New Orleans, the Superdome is a symbol of tomorrow, a flexible multi-purpose center designed to accommodate sporting events, entertainment and cultural activities and conventions and trade shows — all in indoor comfort. THE LOUISIANA SUPERDOME IS TRULY THE NEWEST WONDER OF THE WORLD. AND IT'S READY FOR YOU IN 1975.

Louisiana Superdome
Room 340, 3400 Governor Street
New Orleans, Louisiana 70112



SEE THE LOUISIANAS

Many Louisianas await you. Cross time barriers and visit Colonial France and Spain in New Orleans with the romantic French Quarter, antique shops, great Creole restaurants, museums, jazz and exciting nightlife. Fabulous antebellum mansions beckon. Step back into history at hatcheries, Louisiana's oldest city, and its New Orleans. Visit restored Sheraton Square at Shreveport, and French-speaking Acadia. Enjoy year-round horse racing. Celebrate with us at our festivals every month of the year. Or find your own private place under the sun beside a Louisiana lake or bayou — with space and clean waters to boat, swim, fish, ski camp. And in 1975 visit the great Louisiana Superdome in New Orleans.

See all The Louisianas
Or choose a favorite.

LOUISIANA TOURIST DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION Box 140, P. O. Box 1401 Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70804	
Send me information about your next vacation in The Louisianas.	
NAME _____	ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____	

Ask a Travel Agent to Make Your Reservation.

Puerto Rico From Toronto, Montreal

Like a sun drenched tropical island in the Caribbean and on land one of the most exciting and diverse resorts in America. Its name is Puerto Rico.

Night and day, San Juan is a place where it's happening. Luscious hotels, delightful guest houses, large and intimate restaurants, serving popular local dishes and international cuisine, magnificent cigar shops with extensive floor shows and plush, challenging casinos add up to the holiday of a lifetime.

Ten on beautiful beaches, shielded in and protected waters. Golf at one of our championship courses. Play tennis on courts from dusk to dawn.

In Old San Juan, walk the narrow, winding streets once roamed by gallant bucaniers. The chief attraction here is El Morro, the great fortress which the Spanish constructed in the 16th century. Also restored Spanish Colonial architecture: old like churches, galleries and boutiques here, take you far from home.

Just a 20 minute flight from San Juan, Ponce, the second city, lies on the southern coast. Unsurprisingly, this old Spanish town boasts the remarkable, ultramodern Museum of Art.

Don't be afraid to explore the rest of the island by bus or car because the roads are

good. Have you ever thought of picnicking in a tropical rain forest? There's one in El Yunque. An easy half-day tour away from the city. And Lualaba, one of the best palm shaded beaches in the Caribbean provides another pleasant outing. Driving is the best way to view the natural beauty of the island. Hundreds of varieties of flowers, most exotic places, dramatic mountains in the town and valleys and streams make one think of Switzerland or Brazil.

Can you imagine hearing Brazilian singing on the same day as a concert of the annual Carnival Festival? You will in Puerto Rico.



- Includes:**
- Return flight via Windsor 707
 - Inflight meals and bar
 - 7 nights accommodation
 - Continental breakfast daily
 - Welcome cocktail party
 - Use of 8 tennis courts day and night

Per Person, Double Occupancy	1 Week
December 23	\$309
December 30, February 3, 10, 17	
31, March 3, 10, 17, 24 and 31	\$339
January 6, 13, 20, 27 and April 7	\$379
April 14	\$389

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. (Program subject to A.T.C. approval)

with two double beds and jacuzzi overlooks the 18-hole golf course, 24-hour pool or air-conditioned beach.

- Includes:**
- Return flight via Windsor 707

	From Toronto	From Montreal		
	1 Week	2 Weeks	1 Week	2 Weeks
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$319	\$439	\$309	\$429
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$339	\$459	\$329	\$449
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$359	\$479	\$349	\$469
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$379	\$499	\$369	\$489

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. Christmas and School Break departures subject to supplement (approx. \$50).

- Transfers to and from hotel
- Free beach bag, passport holder, baggage tags and tip sheet

Departures: Every Monday from Toronto, December 23, 1974 to April 14, 1975.
Tour Operator: Travel Plus Inc.

Departures: Every Monday from Toronto and Montreal, October 23, 1974 to April 14, 1975.
Tour Operator: Skylark Holidays

Tour Operator: SkyLark Holidays		
To Arrive	From Montreal 1 Week	2 Weeks
\$499	\$399	\$499
\$459	\$359	\$479
\$499	\$379	\$529
\$559	\$419	\$579

Puerto Rico From Toronto

Puerto Rico One week from \$310

This tour utilizes three hotels in Puerto Rico.

Huair Hotel, Pool & Beach/ Tennis/Nightly entertainment. 160 rooms, bar or lounge, beach, TV. Located beside beach in hotel area of San Juan. Coffee shop, restaurant, bar, casino.

Dauch Inn, Pool, 102 rooms. Seaside area of San Juan. 1 block from beach. Restaurant, cocktail lounge, piano bar.

Miami Beach/Ft. Lauderdale From Toronto, Montreal

Caribbean Beach Club, Pool/ Beach/Kitchenette/Nightly entertainment. 230 studio, apartment, double, twin and single beds. On Isla Beach near entertainment, restaurant, bar.

- Includes:**
- Return flight via Quebecair 707
 - Inflight meals and bar
 - 7 nights accommodation

Per Person, Double Occupancy (1 Week)

	Huair Hotel	Dauch Inn	Carib. Beach Club
December 19	\$399	\$349	\$389
December 26 through January 23	\$399	\$310	\$329
January 30 through April 10	\$329	\$319	\$329

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

- Welcome rum punch party
- Transfers between airport and hotel including handling and tipping for one piece of luggage per person
- Sunlight beach bag

Departures: Every Thursday from Toronto, December 19, 1974 to April 10, 1975.

Tour Operator: Sunstars.

	Huair Hotel	Dauch Inn	Carib. Beach Club
December 19	\$399	\$349	\$389
December 26 through January 23	\$399	\$310	\$329
January 30 through April 10	\$329	\$319	\$329



One week from \$319

You don't have to play tennis to have a ball at the Hotel Regency Club. There are 8 excellent tennis courts for day and night playing and in addition, there's a coffee shop, dining rooms, bar/lounge, barber shop, drug store, a tennis racket shop, swimming pool and nightly entertainment to keep life swinging in the best of all possible ways.

- Includes:**
- Return flight via Windsor 707
 - Inflight meals and bar
 - 7 nights accommodation
 - Continental breakfast daily
 - Welcome cocktail party
 - Use of 8 tennis courts day and night

Per Person, Double Occupancy	1 Week
December 23	\$309
December 30, February 3, 10, 17	
31, March 3, 10, 17, 24 and 31	\$339
January 6, 13, 20, 27 and April 7	\$379
April 14	\$389

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. (Program subject to A.T.C. approval)

- Transfers to and from hotel
- Free beach bag, passport holder, baggage tags and tip sheet

Departures: Every Monday from Toronto, December 23, 1974 to April 14, 1975.
Tour Operator: Travel Plus Inc.



Miami Beach/Ft. Lauderdale One week from \$249

This tour utilizes several hotels in the Miami Beach and Ft. Lauderdale areas.

Holiday Inn, 87th Street, Pool/Beach/Nightly entertainment. 230 rooms, double beds, TV. On beach near Red Harbor shops. Restaurant, cocktail lounge, coffee shop.

Holiday Inn, 23rd Street, Pool/Beach/Nightly entertainment. 300 rooms, double beds, TV. On beach with walking distance of shops. Restaurant, cocktail lounge, coffee shop.

Twiner Canaan, Pool/Beach/Nightly entertainment. 172 rooms, 2 double beds, TV. On beach at 94th Street, near Red Harbor shops. Restaurant, cocktail lounge, coffee shop.

Moore Carlo Hotel, Pool/Beach/Nightly entertainment. 200 rooms, 2 twin beds, TV. On beach at 60th Street and Collins Avenue. Restaurant, cocktail lounge, bar, cocktail lounge, piano bar.

Seabrook Resort Hotel and Apartments, Pool/Beach, 100 rooms, 2 double beds, TV. On beach. Use of facilities of Twinner Canaan Hotel and Moore Carlo Hotel. Pool bar, cocktail lounge.

Golden Nugget Hotel, Pool/Beach/Nightly entertainment. 120 rooms, 2 double beds, TV. On beach opposite shopping plaza at north end of motel area. Restaurant, pool bar, cocktail lounge.

Gold Ocean Mile, Pool/Beach/Waterfront/Tennis/Nightly entertainment. 250 rooms, 2 double beds, TV. On the beach, northern Ft. Lauderdale. Restaurant, coffee shop, bar, top name band entertainment.

Seaview, Pool/Beach, 223 rooms, 1 king size or 2 double beds, TV. Access road from beach at corner of town. Coffee shop, restaurant, bar.

- Includes:**
- Return flight via Quebecair 707 (from Toronto) Quebec air 727 (from Montreal)
 - Inflight meals and bar
 - 7 or 14 nights accommodation

Per Person, Double Occupancy

• Return flight via Quebecor 727 (from Toronto) Quebec rate 727 (from Montreal)	
• Inflight meals and bar	
• 3-yr. 14 night minimum stay	

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

- Return transfers between airport and hotel, including handling and tipping for one piece of luggage per person
- Welcome rum punch party
- Sunlight beach bag

Special Included Features:

- Free beach voucher valid for 1 day accommodation at a Seaview Resort hotel near Disney World
- One voucher per person per day for continental breakfast.

Fly/Drive Only:

- All the above (except Seaview) valid for 7 days arrival and mileage car rental.

Departures: Every Monday from Toronto, December 23, 1974 to April 7, 1975. Every Sunday from Montreal, December 23, 1974 to April 6, 1975.

Tour Operator: Sunstars.

December 22, 1974 to April 6, 1975		
Four Operation: Souterra		
	From Toronto	
	1 Week	2 Weeks
VEQ		\$30
	\$279	
MEJ		\$30
	\$279	
	\$279	\$38
	\$289	\$33
	\$279	\$38
	\$288	\$40
	\$279	\$39



One week from \$319

Something perhaps to some, you'll find an abundance of water sports and a choice of several golf courses if you make your home the Hotel Regency Club. Personally, you'll also discover 8 excellent cocktail tennis courts. And there are air conditioned rooms which open onto a private balcony. Sit in 256 acres in the Denise del Mar Hotel and Country Club. Each room is air conditioned.

with two double beds and jacuzzi overlooks the 18-hole golf course, 24-hour pool or air-conditioned beach.

- Includes:**
- Return flight via Windsor 707

	From Toronto	From Montreal		
	1 Week	2 Weeks	1 Week	2 Weeks
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$319	\$439	\$309	\$429
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$339	\$459	\$329	\$449
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$359	\$479	\$349	\$469
Resort Club (Pai Pison, 210 Occupancy)	\$379	\$499	\$369	\$489

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. Christmas and School Break departures subject to supplement (approx. \$50).

Departures: Every Monday from Toronto and Montreal, October 23, 1974 to April 14, 1975.
Tour Operator: Skylark Holidays

Moore Hotel Pool/Beach Nightly entertainment 200 rooms 2 twin beds TV On beach at 66th Street and Collins Avenue. Restaurant, poolside snack bar, cocktail lounge, piano bar.

Seabrook Resort Hotel and Apartments Pool/Beach 100 rooms 2 double beds TV On beach Use of facilities of Twelve Canyons Hotel next door. Coffee shop, pool bar.

California From Toronto

To compare California with any other state is an impossibility, particularly when the coastline alone stretches 780 miles. New and unusual things to see and do are almost limitless in this part of the country.

In San Francisco, colorful cities, Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown, the cable and roller houses of North Beach and the beautiful parks capture many a visitor's heart.

In Los Angeles, a city like no other, you can experience every extreme of climate, social life, geography, history, food and

One week from \$410 per person

There's a wonderful world of travel waiting for you at the Rancho La Costa Golf, Tennis, Resort and Spa, Carlsbad, California. The Rancho La Costa is a deluxe, quiet resort situated among the rolling hills that hug the windy Pacific shores of sunny Southern California. Just 30 minutes north of San Diego

entertainment. And Disneyland, which is more enchanting than ever, is only 27 miles from downtown.

The oldest city in California, San Diego, blends a modern skyline with the charm of Spanish architecture in Old Town. A "perfect" climate makes San Diego a popular all-year city for recreation. And don't forget to visit the San Diego Zoo and Wild Animal Park which boasts the largest collection of wild animals in the world.

Scores are over 350 days of the year in Palm Springs. So

and 60 minutes south of Los Angeles. Home of the PGA, "Tournament of Champions," La Costa is also famous for its tennis facilities and boasts 25 all-weather hard surface courts and a Racquet Club sanctioned by the USLTA. The resident pro is Panchito Segura who is supported by a staff of renowned professionals. Guest accommodations are of total luxury, to be from deluxe rooms to the main building to suites, cottages, chalets and villas.

Many with their own private patio.

Includes:

- Return economy class air fare Toronto/San Diego/Toronto
- Deluxe accommodations for 6 nights/7 days
- Full use of tennis facilities and all swimming pools
- Transfers to/from the airport in San Diego with baggage handling
- Tax

Not Included:

- Meals, beverages, gratuities
- All forms of a personal nature
- Tennis lessons and golf green fees

Departures, Saturdays—February 18, March 2, 9, 16, 1978

Tour Operator: Lawson, McKay Tours



A world tour for a fraction of the price



Las Vegas/California From Toronto

Like an ignited fire bomb, Las Vegas explodes—only into a spectacular, around-the-clock world of entertainment from the moment you arrive at this desert resort.

The strip incorporates resorts with its multi-million dollar hotels and casinos. Hopedful gamblers try their luck while others dine in plush, trendy restaurants, listening to such groups as Frank Sinatra or Liza Minnelli.

At night, downtown Caesars Center presents a dazzling display of 43 miles of neon tubing and two million bulbs. Take a behind-the-scenes look and free gambling classes. There are also daily bus tours to and from the massive Hoover Dam. Another attraction easily accessible is the Valley of Fire which intrigues many with its towering rock formations of

solid pink and red.

Optimizers for daytime in Las Vegas, and everything from blue jeans to elegant gowns for evening in Las Vegas, every thing goes!

One week from \$391 per person

This tour includes three hotels in three fabulous destinations. Spend 3 nights at the "Big" Holiday Inn/Casino Strip, with everything you come to Las Vegas to find. It's a 14-story tall casino, most hotel right on the Strip. Then you fly to San Francisco where you'll stay at the 400-room Holiday Inn/Casino. It's elegant Vista room doors—open to the sea view. The great chance of old

San Francisco in modern casual: Your final night stop the spectacular new Las Vegas Inn/Marriott Hotel, just you in the center of all activity in beautiful, sunny Southern California.

Includes:

- Return flights via American Airlines and Air West
- 6 nights accommodation
- Transfers and baggage handling
- Value packed Fox Coupon Booklet in Las Vegas
- Transportation to Disneyland admission to the grounds and entrance to 30 rides

Departures, Monday, December 9, 1978. (Ask your travel agent about other Sequoia departure dates, from Toronto, Montreal or Ottawa.)

Tour Operator: Sequoia.

All the things you want to see and do on a perfect vacation are here in Southern California—within easy reach.

You can splash in the ocean—dunchee over the desert—back on the seashore—hike the mountains—all on the same day.

There are more exciting attractions to enjoy than any other place on earth. Rates are unbelievably low—far less than overseas. Everywhere there is endless sunshine to make every day of your vacation count. Take a world tour for a fraction of the price. Come to Southern California.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VISITORS COUNCIL

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE SUNDAY BROCHURE ROOM 326, 328 WEST 7TH STREET LOS ANGELES, CA 90017 OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Arizona From Toronto

Golfing, sailing, swimming, hiking, riding and aquatic diving are just some of the activities in Arizona.

Start your day with a shark wagon breakfast out on the desert. Then, let off in short sleeves for nine holes of golf or mount up for a horseback ride in the back country.

Enjoy a long and leisurely lunch at one of the many elegant restaurants. And follow that lunch with a sleigh in your chosen course, a delicious desert treat.

Don't let your trip to Arizona pass without taking a night's rest in one of the Grand Canyon National Park where the nightglow dancers across the canyon, constantly changing the color and form of this magical and spectacular. For a closer look at the wonder of the Grand Canyon you can take a mule trip to the Chienyia bottom or a mule ride down the Colorado River.

Finish off your day in Arizona sipping a tall cool drink.

One Week from \$342 per person

Enjoy an exciting week of tennis and sunshine at Maricopa County's Racket Club Ranch in Tucson, Arizona. The Racket Club Ranch is one of the largest and finest tennis resorts in North America. Situated in the heart of Tucson's resort area, it offers spacious and deluxe living facilities in one of the 44 Spanish style Casas, each fully equipped with color TV, living room, bedrooms/bath, kitchen and fireplace. There are 34 lighted Layland Championship Tennis Courts available with outstanding professional maintenance, providing the most modern tennis facilities in the world.

Includes:

- Refuge economy class air fare Toronto/Tucson/Toronto



- Deluxe Casita accommodations for 5 nights/7 days
- All meals of a personal nature
- Full use of Olympic size pool, health club and sauna

- Transfer to/from airport in Tucson and baggage handling
- Taxi

Not Included:

- Motel beverages, gratuities
- All items of a personal nature
- Weekly tennis clinic instruction

Departures: Sundays—February 2, 9, 16, 23, March 2, 9, 16, 1975 from Toronto: Tour Operator: Lawless, McKay Tours.

And Tomorrow Will be Another Sunny Day in Southern Arizona!

Winters in southern Arizona are laditionally misnamed: the dryness, sunny and warm, generally in the high 60s or 70s. Just the right kind of weather to melt a Canadian winter. Phoenix! Scottsdale! Tucson! Tempe! Names that warm the spirit and heat the imagination. And each of these exciting resort cities offers a wide variety of vacation opportunities including: some of the finest golf and tennis in the United States, riding over beautiful desert trails, for breakfast, luncheon or dinner cook-outs, water sports of all kinds, and sightseeing excursions among some of nature's wonders. And all under a brilliant and friendly southern Arizona sun.

Guests in Phoenix need no explanation as to why they are here. Phoenix/Scottsdale Area ☐ Tucson Area ☐ Yuma Area ☐ I am interested in accommodations at: ☐ Scottsdale ☐ Mesa ☐ Camelback ☐

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province _____ Postal Code _____

For more information on winter vacations in southern Arizona, send this coupon.

Arizona Travel Centre Ltd.
Box 784
3012 North Central
Phoenix, Arizona 85012

Aspen, Colorado From Toronto

To the expert, intermediate and novice skier, conquering the slopes is the only way to get a winter tan—especially when the location is Aspen, one of the world's most complete ski complexes.

At Aspen Highlands, an unsurpassed balance of ski terrain challenges all levels of ability.

Aspen Mountain has become the site of celebrated races. The Redmen and Thelwell areas offer specially designed beginner slopes and excellent

skiing for the advanced and advanced intermediate skier.

Snowmass, 11 miles west of Aspen, boasts an incredible variety of slopes, including Aspen's first triple chair on the Wood Run Lift.

Cross-country trails match the best anywhere.

And the excellent ranges of sports skiing and entertainment, in a wide assortment of restaurants and bars, is certain to put the finishing touch on your Aspen holiday.



One week from \$289

comfortable rooms with color TV.

Includes:

- Return flight via Windsor 707
- Inflight meals and bar
- 7 nights accommodation
- Transfers and airport baggage handling and tips
- Five tote bag

Departures: Every Wednesday from Toronto, January 29 to April 2, 1976, from Toronto.

Tour Operator: SkyLink Holidays.

Per Person, Double Occupancy	1 Week
Holiday Inn	
Low Season	\$289
High Season	\$319

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. Christmas and School Break departures subject to supplement (approx. \$30).

PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.

One week from \$279

When you holiday at the Nagami Lodge, you are within walking distance to Aspen Mountain lift, restaurants, shops and nightlife. The lodge features large rooms with full shower/bathrooms, dining area and sunny terrace. Views in the heated pool and finish off a day's skiing by enjoying hot wine, cheese and crackers around the crackling fire.

Located at the base of the

Aspen Highlands Ski Area, the Highlands Inn offers luxury accommodation. Hotel facilities include spacious rooms, fire place heater, a restaurant, cocktail lounge, sport shop, heated pool and sauna.

Includes:

- Return flight via Windsor 707

Per Person, Double Occupancy	Nagami Lodge Standard	Deluxe	Highlands Inn Standard	Deluxe
January 29, April 2	\$289	\$309	\$289	\$309
February 5, 12 and March 26	\$299	\$319	\$299	\$319
February 19, 26 and March 5, 12, 19	\$309	\$329	\$309	\$329

Triples: Deduct \$10 per person. Dinner: Will hold up to 100—deduct \$10 per person. Children 12 and under: Deduct \$50 (except dinner). Dinner \$10 only. Single Limited Available—Nagami add \$100, Highlands add \$70. Highlands Standard add \$110.



- Inflight meals and bar
- 7 nights accommodation
- Continental breakfast daily (except Highlands Kitchenette Rooms)
- Ground transfers to and from General Junction/Aspen
- U.S. Departure Tax \$3
- Government Hotel Tax.

Departures: Every Wednesday from Toronto, January 29 to April 2, 1975.

Tour Operator: Travel Fun Tours.

Ask a Travel Agent to Make Your Reservation.

Hawaii From Toronto

If you plan to visit Honolulu and ride the waves at Waikiki, then you're destined for the Hawaiian island of Oahu.

Surprising! It is to most people who visit Oahu, the capital, a cosmopolitan and so to this city but with a distinct Hawaiian atmosphere. Intensely friendly and filled with spirit, Oahu offers everything from light colonial style to less Honolulu also features the airport's resort section of the city, Waikiki.

Diamond Head, the near-perfect volcanic crater, overlooks sun-warmers of all ages enjoying Waikiki Beach. Night time brings on the luau. Hawaiian feasts where the main dish is pig roasted in the lava underground oven! In the clubs, you can enjoy a wide range of entertainment including dancing the hula and listening to haunting melodies. Even swimmers seem more relaxed in Hawaii.

Make a point of taking in the colorful spectacle of Hawaiian music and dancing at the Kodak Hula Show, staged several times a week here in Rapaunui Park. A bus tour to the Polynesian Cultural Center is also well worth the effort. It's just for the visiting Pleasure of the Long Canoes which occur each afternoon.

"Your holiday in the Aloha" state should include more than one island so that you can get a complete picture of this Pacific haven.

On the big island, Hawaii, visitors get a thrilling, clear-up look at a live volcano—the frequently erupting Kilauea Crater. The Waimea Canyon on the green island of Kauai offers unspoiled tropical beauty. And Maui, the valley island, offers vacationers a view of breathtaking, jagged valleys and low white sand beaches.



Two weeks from \$499

The best offers around hotels in Waikiki. Coral Reef Hotel, Waikiki Village Hotel, Sandcastle Hotel and Waikiki Outrigger Hotel. If you would like to holiday on three of the Hawaiian Islands, the three island package offers accommodation at Holiday Inn on Oahu, Kauai, Maui and Lanai. (See Hotel Guide on page 24 for descriptions of hotels.)

Includes:

- Return flight Toronto/Honolulu via Vancouver 720
- Inflight meals and bar
- Lin. printing by Sunlight and at Honolulu airport
- Transfers between airport and hotel on arrival and departure including baggage handling
- Accommodation at choice of hotels shown including Hawaii state tax
- Introductory briefing by Sunlight staff with Hawaiian entertainment

- Ticket to special music about Hawaii, Ring Crosby's Hawaiian Experience
- Tour of the city of Honolulu and guests boat
- Free Sunlight beach bag
- Free color photograph
- Shopping tour to Maunaloa Luau

Per person, Double Occupancy	2 Weeks
Coral Reef	\$529
Waikiki Village Hotel	\$549
Sandcastle Hotel	\$569
Waikiki Outrigger Hotel	\$589
Three Island Holiday Hotel Inn	\$639
Waikiki Beach Konahe Beach	\$679

PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



Departures Every Sunday from Toronto, December 22, 1974 to April 26, 1975

No departures December 23 to January 6

Your Operator: Sunstons.

Hawaii From Toronto

Two weeks from \$499

Take this holiday package and you can have a stay-at-home holiday for 2 weeks on the island of Oahu, or if you prefer a two island vacation, select the Oahu/Honolulu combination or Oahu and Maui. In Oahu, your home will be the Marston, Translucence or Imperial Hotel. You will stay at the Volcano Inn Maui or the Kona Beach Boy in Maui, depending on which package you choose.

(See Hotel Guide on page 24 for descriptions of hotels.)

Includes:

- Return flight via Monday 747
- Transfers on Hawaiian Airlines to Napahele Islands
- Inflight meals and bar
- 16 nights accommodation

- Aloha lei greeting on arrival
- Transfers to and from hotel and baggage handling
- Free beach bag, passport folder, baggage tags and tip sheet
- Portage at hotel
- 4th Government Hotel Tax
- U.S. departure tax \$3
- Services of a ground representative

Departures Every Sunday from Toronto, December 22, 1974 to April 6, 1975. (2-Week Oahu Holiday and Honolulu Holiday—Oahu and Maui.) Every Monday from Toronto, December 23, 1974 to April 7, 1975. (2-Week Oahu Holiday and Two-Island Holiday—Oahu and Maui.)

Your Operator: Travel Fun Tours.

Per Person, Double Occupancy	Sunday Departures	Monday Departures
Napahele Oahu	\$509	\$499
Translucence Oahu	\$519	\$509
Imperial Oahu	\$579	\$569

TWO-ISLAND HOLIDAY
Ala Moana Oahu and Volcano Inn Maui

TWO-ISLAND HOLIDAY
Ala Moana Oahu and Kona Beach Boy Maui

Triple Single and Children's rates on request. Programs subject to A.T.C. approval.



Two weeks from \$499

Here's a perfect holiday package which offers a 2-Week Oahu vacation at your choice of the Imperial, Sheraton Moana, Ala Moana and Sandcastle Hotels. In addition, a Three Island tour provides greater variety and stops at the Beach center in Oahu, the Kona Beachboy in Maui and the Kona Beach Hotel in Maui. (See Hotel Guide on page 24 for descriptions of hotels. Ask your travel agent about the Sheraton Moana.)

Includes:

- Return flight via Monday 747
- Inflight meals and bar
- Interisland flights
- 16 nights accommodation
- Transfers and airport baggage handling and tips
- Free in-state packet camera for all January departures
- Free beach bag

Departures Every Sunday from Toronto, December 22, 1974 to April 27, 1975, except December 23, 1974. Your Operator: SkyLark Holidays.

Per Person, Double Occupancy	2 Weeks
Imperial	\$499
Sheraton Moana	\$529
Ala Moana	\$549
Sandcastle	\$569

THREE ISLAND HOLIDAY
Beachcenter Oahu (Beachboy)
Kona Beach Hotel Maui

Note: Service charges, taxes, etc. extra. Christmas and School Break departures subject to supplement (approx. \$36).

PROGRAMS ARE SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVAL.



Ask a Travel Agent to Make Your Reservation.

Value-Packed Tours on Scheduled Airlines

If you prefer the greater flexibility and convenience of tours which aren't regulated to specific departure dates, here are some additional value-packed holidays that can be tailored to suit you.

Simply choose your destination and the type of accommodation in the price range which

best suits your needs. Then, tell your travel agent which tour to reserve. He can also make arrangements to lengthen or shorten your stay or to stop over at other locations en route.

All prices quoted for these tours include air fares effective August 30, 1994.



Hawaii

Two weeks from

\$435 from Toronto
\$509 from Montreal

Spend your entire vacation in popular Waikiki on the island of Oahu or choose a three island or four island holiday in beautiful Hawaii. Your hotel selection in Waikiki will determine the hotel to be allocated in the Neighbor Islands. Passengers choosing the Outrigger, Outrigger Eden or Waikiki Village in Waikiki will be accommodated in the deluxe Surf Resorter House Surf, Kona Surf, Maui Surf, Nantala Surf on the Neighbor Islands. Passengers selecting the Waikiki Surf or Outrigger Eden will stay at the Kona Islander Inn, Kona Islander and Kona Islander Beach Hotel on the Neighbor Islands. Both groups will use the Naia Inn Surf Hotel in Hilo, Hawaii. (See Hotel Guide on page 24 for descriptions of hotels.)

Includes:

- Jet air transportation, taxes, gateway to Hawaii by scheduled carrier
- A traditional luau with great singing upon arrival
- Nightlife meals
- Airport porterage at Honolulu (taxi bag)
- Hotel Bellhop
- Transfers between airport and hotel
- Servers of Trade Wind, Honolulu and personnel at the Islands
- Choice of Waikiki hotel accommodation for 13 nights
- City/Pasadena night scene excursion
- Delicately brewed coffee
- Complimentary beach bag

Departures From Toronto and Montreal: January 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14, 21, 28, April 4, 11, 25, May 9, 23, 1995. Departure dates for June through December, 1995 on request.

Tour Operator: Trade Wind Tours of Hawaii

Per Person, Double Occupancy Waikiki Holiday from

	Waikiki Surf ¹	Outrigger Eden ²	Outrigger Village ³	Outrigger Tor.
Tax.	\$435	\$475	\$495	\$509
Surf	\$32	\$32	\$32	\$32
Single Supplement	\$30	\$30	\$35	\$35
Three-Island Holiday				
Tax.	\$629	\$683	\$699	\$703
Tax and Services	\$40	\$40	\$41	\$41
Single Supplement	\$120	\$120	\$132	\$132
Four-Island Holiday				
Tax.	\$583	\$657	\$655	\$689
Tax and Services	\$44	\$44	\$44	\$44
Single Supplement	\$124	\$124	\$134	\$134

¹ Reservations are available at Waikiki Surf for following itineraries (per person): Waikiki Holiday—\$20. Three Island—\$18. Four Island—\$16. (Taxes occupancy). Supplement for high season departures \$20 per person (January 28 through March 28). Special discount for low season departures \$10 per person (effective April 4 through June 1). Rates based on entire family in effect June 1, 1994. May be modified at later date subject to government approval. Rates shown in U.S. funds. Applies Toronto or Montreal.

Value-Packed Tours on Scheduled Airlines

Hawaii/California

Two weeks from

\$499 from Toronto
(per person, double occupancy)

Here's a great opportunity to visit Hollywood, California! And included in this tour is a vacation in Hawaii in California, you'll stay at the Hollywood Holiday Inn and stay for one night at the Holiday Inn Resort in Los Angeles. You'll spend 9 nights in fabulous Waikiki at the TradeWind Impass, or Hawaiian Regent. See Hotel Guide on page 24 for descriptions of Hawaiian hotels.

- Includes: Return flight via Air Canada and the Air.
- 13 nights accommodation
- Baggage handling
- Taxes on hotel
- Traditional lei greeting

Per Person	2 Weeks
Tax	\$499
Triple	\$483
Single	\$579
Impass	Tax: \$586
	Triple: \$556
Hawaiian Regent	Tax: \$554
	Triple: \$524
	Single: \$604

Note: Air fare portion correct at time of printing, but subject to change.



Nevada/California

Five days from

\$360 from Toronto
(per person, double occupancy)

Six Heavenly Valley the year this tour returns the Sahara. Tahoe, Inland and Central, Lake Tahoe, Nevada—the only hotel, beside the Lake with 600 luxury

rooms, 4 nearby ski areas, big name entertainment and Nevada's largest casino. The Wynn and Encore in Las Vegas, California offers 250 designer rooms, heated pool, award, only dining room, cocktail lounge and it's only located from America's largest ski area, Heavenly Valley.

- Includes: Return flight via Air Canada to L.A. and Western Airlines to Reno
- 4 nights accommodation
- 5 days dining in the "High Series Multi Area" program.

Per Person, Double Occupancy	Sahara Tahoe	Wynn/Encore
Tax	\$374	\$360
Deluxe	\$114	\$360
Single Supplement	Standard \$42, Deluxe \$52	

Departures: Every Friday from Toronto, December 6, 1994 to April 11, 1995. Tour Operator: Eason Tours

Florida

One week from

\$325 from Toronto
(per person, double occupancy)

Vacation fun for the entire family at the Dutch Inn, Travelodge or Royal Inn at beautiful Lake Buena Vista, minutes away from the world famous vacation land.

Includes:

- Roundtrip air fare Toronto/Ontario/Toronto on scheduled carrier
- Airport transfers
- Superior accommodations and hotel tax
- 2 round trip transfers to Disney World
- Magic Kingdoms ticket books covering 2 general admission, unlimited use of Disney World transportation and admission to 16 attractions
- Tickets to Treasure Island

Note: Optional admission to Disney's Beach at the Travelodge, Overlook from \$89 for 6 days, 7 nights, including transportation. (Per Person, Double Occupancy.) Car rental available from \$75 per week, unlimited mileage.

Departures: Every Friday from Toronto, commencing December 29, 1994. (Other dates on request.) Tour Operator: Eason Tours



Hawaiian Hotel Guide

Oahu

Aie House: Hawaii's tallest hotel has a spectacular view. Luxury rooms with private lawns. Rooftop dining, dancing, polo, live live live, live to city and beaches.

Beachcomber: In the heart of Waikiki Beach, all rooms are air conditioned and feature private lawns, color TV and refrigerator. Beach across road. Private pool on grounds.

Coral Reef: 250 air conditioned rooms with twin beds, TV, lawn. 10 blocks from beach adjacent to international market. Coffee shop, restaurant, cocktail lounge, nightly entertainment.

Diamond Head Apartments: 500 feet from Waikiki Beach at Hilton Hawaiian Village. Guests share the Village's fabulous facilities.

Hale Moku: 250 air conditioned rooms, 2 double beds, TV, lawn. 3 blocks from beach. Restaurants, poolside snack bar, cocktail bar, nightly entertainment.

Honolulu Regent: Hotel in one of Oahu's loveliest areas, just across the street from Waikiki Beach. Breakfast Garden Court, pool, daybreak 2 bars, 3 restaurants, snack shop and Garden Spa lounge.

Hilton Hawaiian Village: Over 20 holiday areas to explore. 30 pools, landscaped gardens, white sand beach, live entertainment and more than 300 shops including the exotic Rainbow Beach Shopping Center. Activities galore.

Holiday Inn: 636 air conditioned rooms, 2 double beds, TV, lawn. Across road from Waikiki Beach adjacent to Regent Park Golf Club. Private pool, nightly entertainment.

Imperial: In the heart of Waikiki and steps to beach. All rooms are air conditioned, most have balconies. Rooftop pool and sauna bath. Japanese restaurant, nightclub, disco, lounge and golf house.

Kaliente: On North Shore. 500 luxury rooms, terrace cottages and cabanas. 2 swimming pools, tennis court and paddle tennis. Entertainment nightly. 10 minutes to Polynesian Cultural Center.

Napua: 2 blocks from Waikiki Beach. Tastefully decorated rooms with traditional Hawaiian atmosphere. Private lawns, freshwater pool and snack deck.

Regal Hawaiian: On Waikiki Beach, the Regal Park Hotel provides elegant living. All rooms are air conditioned. Gourmet meals plus spectacular views. Seduced by acres of lush tropical gardens.

Sandcastle: 229 air conditioned rooms, twin beds, lawn. 2 blocks from Waikiki Beach. Dining room, bar, pool, nightly entertainment. 10 blocks from International Market.

Travelodge: Close to Waikiki's business shopping and nightlife. Well equipped rooms. Continental and Polynesian cuisine, indoor parking, freshwater pool bar and entertainment.

Waikiki Outrigger: 250 air conditioned rooms, twin beds, ocean view lawns. On Waikiki Beach opposite International Market. 5 restaurants, 4 bars, good, nightly entertainment.

Outrigger Hale: 458 spacious rooms all air conditioned with color TV. Pool, coffee shop, cocktail lounge, parking and access to beach and aquatic facilities at Waikiki Outrigger.

Outrigger Hale: 250 rooms, all air conditioned and complete balconies facilities. Coffee shop, dining hall, bar, pool and access to Outrigger Beach.

Waikiki Surf East: 210 blocks from the beach. Comfortable apartments with kitchen facilities. Air conditioning and TV.

Waikiki Village: 430 air conditioned rooms with twin beds, lawn. 10 blocks from beach, 3 blocks from International Market. Restaurant, bar, pool and entertainment.



Kauai

Islander Inn: All new family type hotel with large air conditioned rooms. Pool. Restaurant next door.

Kaui Beach: Hotel offers an informal atmosphere. There is a mile long beach, tennis courts, golf course and pool with sun deck.

Seaside Surf: Luxury hotel on Kaunapali Beach. Full facilities including pool, paddle tennis court and golf course. Steak House. Rooftop restaurant and lounge.

Maui

Kaunapali Beach: Every room has private lawn overlooking the ocean. There is an excellent dining room and 2 bars. Next door an 18 hole golf course.

Kula: Decorous furnished air conditioned hotel. 2 swimming pools, tennis court, shuffle board court. Near golf courses, surfing, sailing, restaurants and shopping.

Maui Surf: New luxury hotel right on the beach with air conditioning, pool, golf and golf course. 12 outdoor hotel has 2 restaurants, 2 bars.

Maua Shores: Air conditioned one bedroom and studio apartments. Completely equipped kitchen and lawn. Dubachair in one bedroom units. Cocktail lounge, restaurant, 2 pools and beach.

Regal Lihale: Bunking resort on Kaunapali Beach. One bedroom rooms. 5 restaurants with tropical lounge. Entertainment, 4 pools, golf, tennis.

Hawaii

Mander Inn: Surplus cottages, bar hotel with limited facilities. Air conditioned rooms—restaurant—pool.

Kaunapali Beach: 318 air conditioned rooms, twin beds, lawn. 2 bars. Next door an 18 hole golf course.

Kula: Decorous furnished air conditioned hotel. 2 swimming pools, tennis court, shuffle board court. Near golf courses, surfing, sailing, restaurants and shopping.

Maui Surf: New luxury hotel right on the beach with air conditioning, pool, golf and golf course. 12 outdoor hotel has 2 restaurants, 2 bars.

General Information

The information on each tour listed in this brochure was obtained from the tour operator and is to the best of our knowledge correct. However, information on price changes, cancellations, and additional tour offerings to these destinations may be obtained from your travel agent. The following general information holds true for the tours listed in this brochure but be sure to obtain from your travel agent a list of complete information for the tour in which you are interested.

Booking

Tours in this booklet can be arranged through any author and travel agent.

Deposit

A deposit will be required when you make your booking. The amount varies from package to package but is usually around \$50. The balance is normally due six weeks before departure date.

Hotels

Most tour operators reserve the right to substitute a hotel other than the one listed in this brochure. But your travel agent will inform you of any substitutions should one occur.

Airport Taxes

There is a \$3 US departure tax and a \$5 (minimum) Canadian immigration tax. These are sometimes included in the tour price; sometimes you will be asked to pay them as extra charges.

Refunds

Refunds are not normally given for penalties of the tour not used.



Baggage Allowance

You are usually allowed to carry 44 lbs. per person.

Insurance

It is recommended that all passengers take out baggage and personal accident insurance as these are not covered by the tour operator.

Documentation

Passports are not required for Canada, the United States or for citizens of the British Commonwealth countries with landed immigrant status in Canada, but passport should carry some form of identification that proves their citizenship and place of residence.

Cancellation Charges

These increase as the departure date approaches and can vary from the amount of your deposit to 75 percent of the tour cost. Since these vary according to tour operator, you should make sure you know what charges apply to the tour in which you are interested. Most tour operators offer travel insurance against forced cancellations because of illness. This can be purchased from your travel agent for approximately \$5 per person at the time of booking.

Canadian Customs Regulations

At time of pricing, changes in customs regulations were anticipated. Please contact your travel agent or local Collector of Customs before you depart for current regulations.

All prices in this brochure are subject to change without notice.

You haven't seen America till you've seen:



Golden Gate Bridge (Magnificent. But only one of San Francisco's famous bridges.)



Fisherman's Wharf (Delicious. But only one of San Francisco's fabulous places to eat.)



Cable Cars (Delightful. But only one of the ways you can get around San Francisco.)



Chinatown (Fascinating. But only one of San Francisco's colorful ethnic neighborhoods.)

(If we had more, we could list a lot more.)

Please send me the following information on San Francisco:

- ☐ Tour San Francisco
- ☐ French Quarter
- ☐ Evening Events & Suburban
- ☐ San Francisco's Great Parks & Outings
- ☐ San Francisco's Third Grade
- ☐ Visitor Map of San Francisco

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
Country: _____

San Francisco
San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau
Box 363 (S.F.) Toronto-Dominion Centre
Toronto, Canada

Ask a Travel Agent to Make Your Reservation.



DECEMBER 1974



July 23, 1917.

R.A. Face, Captain Jonathan
Lanceworth-Smith was
grounded because of rain.
He kept dry with a Gordon's Gin.

**Stay on the dry side
with Gordon's.**

For 200 years it's been the drink of today.
With a splash of tonic or a dash of bitters.
Any mixer, twist or fizz you fancy,
nobody mixes like Gordon's.

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A child's garden of Christmas

It is for Uncle Moshe, who doesn't fit in

BY FREDELLE MAYNARD

Some are born to poetry, some achieve it, but I had poetry thrust upon me. That, at least, is how it seems to me now. My career began when a young uncle, seeing me for the first time, exclaimed "it's almost dekligezess!" (You must be the clever one!) I named my nephew Uncle Moshe, nodding his head knowingly. "I know," I hear him say two girls — the pretty one and the clever one?

Words of doom. At eight, I was a striking woman. Up and that time, I had taken a rather lolly wane of my mother's looks. Thin, pale, sickly — and her hair was straight. I on the other hand, was well developed ("You 10 pounds overweight!" I'm more overweight than anybody at the room!" I shrieked joyfully the day the school nurse weighed me). My cheeks were burning pink, my hair hung in clusters of fat glossy ringlets. In short, I had every reason for self-congratulations — and then along came Uncle Moshe. Looking at my sister, Celia was the light of his burning observation, I saw that he was correct. Celia was not thin but elegantly slender, her

complexion was pure porcelain, her hair of a rare silky laciness. She was pretty all right, very pretty. I sighed. Young as I was, I knew there was no hope in setting out to be beautiful. I must do what I could with my dekligez gift, be as clever as possible. I decided to be female.

The next question of course was how? Well, I might as well something. I tromped hopefully through the *Book Of Knowledge* looking for suggestions. It turned out that all the best things had been invented already. I did make one stab at distinction through science. Observing, from the encyclopaedia article on carbon, that a pencil, a lump of coal and a diamond were basically all one substance, I set out to manufacture diamonds. The first step was easy. I took a few gasconade lumps of coal from the basement bin, burned them carefully in a cone of dirt, and set down to wait. A day passed, two — the coal showed no signs of change. Heavy consultation of the *Book Of Knowledge* revealed the realization that pressure was involved in the happy metamorphosis. I added a second

and no diamonds. At the end of the week I resolutely accepted and embraced the art.

Picking I ruled out from the start, I had no art materials other than my box of Crayons, and anyway I couldn't draw. But words were my specialty. And judging from the examples in my school primer, poetry was easy. You took a word like cat, changed the initial letter — cat, for rat, me, but — and there was your poem. I gathered that poets lived rich romantic lives, died beautifully, and had attractive monuments raised over their funeral urns. Furthermore, there was a distinct shortage of women poets. I would be a poet.

The next problem was subject matter. Armed with a freshly sharpened pencil, a clean scribbler and an apple, I sat down to think. Milton, pondering on man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree could not have been more dedicated than I. Possibly his rose and diamond "Love!" But my feelings for Stanley Barlow, a richard in snail's cordancy, seemed hardly appropriate for verse. Death? Too gloomy. I must find a



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CANADIAN DISTILLERS LIMITED

Keilor's dilemma

When relaxing with the Halifax Symphony, never get caught listening to a table

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

My friend Keilor is a telephone fanatic. He loves more than anything to phone people he knows without any reason. "Just to say hello," he justifies himself.

When I came back to live in Bridgwater, Nova Scotia, for a spell, the phone would ring at any hour, sometimes as late as 4 a.m. At first my mother, who was no nonsense Scotch, would answer it, and when the operator said "Long distance," she would exclaim, "I wonder who's dead?" and throw it.

For my mother, a long-distance phone call and death were virtually synonymous, and each time she discovered that it was only a playful voice asking for me she would give me the phone with a baffled expression on her face and go back to bed with a worried frown.

Although she never came right out and asked me, I always sensed the tension at breakfast that she was still bewildered. At first I tried to explain lamely that Keilor was in an illness crisis, but I later could lie, and certainly not to her. Besides, he phoned so often that I ran out of medical crises and finally admitted that he had just phoned up to say hello. I had been so conditioned by her about long-distance calls that for a long time I too found Keilor's behavior somewhat maddening, but it secretly pleased me.

Distance meant nothing to Keilor. Once I was at a party in his house in Halifax, and about 3 a.m. he went to the phone in the hallway and made a call. After a few minutes he returned to me to join him. He handed me the receiver and said, "Say something," and disappeared into the living room. I had no idea to whom I was talking.

"Hello." It sounded like a hesitant question. "Hello?" A faint voice answered back, also with the same hesitated, "Hello?"

There was a long pause. Incomprehensibly flashed through my mind Dylan Thomas, Chloé's *Cherchez le Wales*, while as a boy he and his buddies decided to start outside the back door of a house they thought was empty and hushed. As they started to sing, "a small dry eggshell voice from the other side of the door" joined them. For a redoubled moment, when this faint small voice in the telephone repeated "Hello?" I almost broke out into Good King Wenceslas.

"How is the weather?" I asked.

The voice could have been coming from New York or Tower Road or from Singapore. She doesn't know who I am or where I am either. I thought desperately, I could tell it was a woman, but in those days there were a number of women on the North American continent.

"Very nice," whispered my unknown partner.

I returned to Keilor, handed him the receiver and fled back into the living room. Later on I asked him "Who in the world was that?"

"Amelia."

I stared at him. "Amelia what?" It sounded like a parrot of knock-knock who's there.

"Amelia Galt-Curtis."



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY HALL

Keilor's mother spoke of him as though he hadn't come to earth by normal channels, but just materialized in Olympian grandeur

"You mean the opera singer?"
It was Keilor's turn to stare at me.
"I phone her once in a while. She's a wonderful old girl!"
I had difficulty absorbing this. Gilda Curi had been a legend to me for years. She was the greatest coloratura the Metropolitan Opera ever had. In my modest

opinion, I thought she died years ago.
"Are you sure?" I asked, hesitantly.
"He didn't bother answering me."
"Keilor?" I persisted. "He's about three o'clock."
He looked at me with a mask of profound inscrutability. "It's not three o'clock in California."
Keilor lived a life of the irresponsible. It

often spent weekends at his home. One of his projects was the Contemporary Concert Series, and he entrusted most of the musicians he composed for concerts. It was not unusual to run into Karl Hucks or Jan Rabe or Gerard Soong, co-sponsored in the living room. One time I spent half an hour with Maurice Fortin, a pianist in that tradition who the two were talked about but didn't do, of whom she is very proud, and the problems of teachers, and we ended a few ropes.

Keilor's knowledge of classical music was phenomenal. Once several of us decided we would battle him (for he prided himself on organizing a war or panic that the first few hours). We dug around in stores, and finally found an old 78 record of Maria Muller, a singer born in Prague in 1886. We were convinced sure of ourselves and carried it over to one of Keilor's parties to give it to him as a gift. (which I think I was). When he was out of the room we changed the record on the machine and put Maria on the cane in favour with the weeks drinks he made in champagne glasses, placed at the table and told casually. "I haven't heard Muller in years."

He always wore black suits and black ties. Always. His mother told me that he did not like to be a schoolboy. She wanted to have intimate doubts that he was ever a boy at all. She spoke of him as though he had never come to earth by the normal channels, but just materialized in Olympian grandeur, without explaining to her how.

In the old days in Halifax schoolchildren could buy a work-pass for the museum which paginated around the city. One day his mother, Jean, and Keilor got on the car. Keilor in his last black tie and vest. Jean paid her fare and went over and sat down. Keilor produced his student's museum pass.

"Who the hell do you think you're kidding?" said the conductor. Keilor was 14 and looked 18.
"I'm a school pupil," he stated with dignity.

The conductor immediately started to get belligerent.

"Look! Look! Look! That's a sneaky trick. Passing yourself off as a kid!"

Keilor looked at him with controlled composure.

"If you are going to make an issue of it," he announced, "my mother is sitting right over there," indicating Jean.

The conductor looked at Jean. By then everyone in the car was intrigued or irritated by the delay.

"Well, lady."

People who buy Peter Dawson just don't know any better.

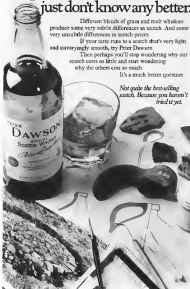
Different blends of grain and malt whiskies produce some very subtle differences in scotch. And some very noticeable differences in scotch prices.

If your taste runs to a scotch that's very light and unerringly smooth, try Peter Dawson.

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"I was born out of wedlock," Keilor said grandly, looking at his mother as though she were an utter stranger.

Jean gave Keshie a glance and said, "I've never seen him before in my life."

He never forgave her. He was not given to emotional outbursts. For years he never mentioned the episode. When he was working for a radio station as music librarian he developed back trouble. Jean worked at the Veterans General Hospital and made arrangements for him to come in for examinations. Since she had remained, she was known to her friends as Joan MacDonald—a detail she hadn't bothered to explain. When Kofler arrived, she took him down to her living room who checked new patients in.

The woman hesitated. "Benzie, not Mackenzie?"

Then he turned to his mother and said some more. 'That makes us even.'

Most people have a summer cottage or a cabin. Kellor has a lighthouse. It is the typically shaped lighthouse, a few inches beyond Beadock, on Cape Breton Island. The only problem is it's not in a

This accounts for the parking on the main highway and clamoring down a treacherous steep decline with a mere hint of a path for a guide. But the view is glorious. An enormous bridge arches over it, and the Bras d'Or Lake lies between blue and white. There is a small bench to sit on and comment with a sense of awe. But then the makers of the film take over. There is no talk, no commentary, no water (except in a spirit somewhere in the woods). The plot seems here to be laid down this strange, impossible decline, in silent-seen quantities, and no matter how many are brought, someone has forgotten the sign for the beach or the moorings.

I saw it first from the water. Some friends and I sailed from Lunenburg to Baddeck on a week's trip. Our immediate war Kaskas's light-house. After an unforgetable and through the Bras d'Or Lake, we finally reached it. It was dark.

Keizer was standing there waving to us on a black sea and ice. His pet monkey was dancing up and down on his shoulders. "My God!" yelled my friend. "He was dancing with him!"

One day, the managers of being Kerber, however, was accepting his attitude. I wasn't the old cliché of "I've met, but my day." Kerber had exhausted good a deal. By he went in for cookbooks, game books and cookbooks. As a school boy he was said to be recognized regional omelette that he had climbed and labeled the exhibits in the Hall of the museum. He had in his Manger's immortality when someone looked at his tropical fish and commented on what pretty creatures they were. Kerber talked to them by their scientific names, which were usually an pronounceable words comprising about 10 inches in Latin.

Once again, even after a few hours, he hated a mutual friend for some reason on his brutality to a Chinese cousin (the friend had kindly brought him a fond of deer meat). For Kerkela, believe in killing any living thing. This made it rather difficult on personal

of walks in the woods for its Koker scheme of things, and its meadows had equal rights for survival with a spout he subconsciously and unforgiving called *home again*. All that was rather difficult on his wife, Prg, for their last Victorian house on Tower Road was its western sanctuaries of all the mice in the neighborhood. The word of Koker benefices had spread into the neighborhood near macular colony. G work and when it came in for a visit, Koker had been called out of town.

"Thank God!" Peg exclaimed, as I arrived at the door. "You can help me take back the rats."

She threw two cats into my arms.

"This one goes to the Olonks, and the one to the Murums."

It was only later that she confessed that she had used Kaylor's absence to make an all-out assault on the man's cash. She had borrowed all the neighbors' cars.

The one aspect of Kestel's animal life I'm concerned with was his dad's old cigar thing. It was disgusting, however, to sit holding a drink with a purple liver — purple me, a *panzanella* *casanova* *phish* — perked on the rim of my plate, sampling my vodka. He had the run of the home. His name was Wolfgang. Aristotle Menest, but his friends called him Wolly. He was cultural and aloof, and it didn't take too much vodka to make him relatively passive. Indeed, one night he over-embellished and fell straight into a picture of Gail-Corn that was hung above Kestel's mantelpiece and knocked himself out. We all spent an intense vigil until the paramedics arrived. kevin@comcast.com

Kelso's house, an attic space was a cluttered residence. Once I was alone, what appeared to me to be a very unobtrusively made day afterday when suddenly Kelso charged across the room and grabbed it off the table. He held it tenderly and looked at me with disbelief. "This" he stated "is an Antioch artifact."

I should have known. He had given me Freud's *Masses Of The Unconscious* for Christmas, and he had of two years) over vodka, at three o'clock in the morning to go on excursions in the Yurttan peninsula. He was obsessed with the idea that he knew where Mussolini's gold was hidden, and knowing Kerkor I never doubted it.

One night I landed at his house unannounced. There were no lights, but I could hear Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, which was his ultimate favorite. When I knocked at the door, Kiefer opened and asked me, "We're having a Mozart night," he whispered.

I followed him into the living room which was completely dark except for a vague candle at the far end of the room. I could make out silhouettes and assumed Kerlos evaporated into the darkness. I remembered that just inside the door in a corner was a place—a amplifier I decided to descend from fumble around and distracting people so squatted in front of the amplifier. Eventually Kerlos stopped on the light. There were a dozen people sitting in a family around the room — and I was 1, the focus of attention. Kerlos saw Ray had moved the amplifier as well as in place a small drop-leaf table. No one spoke. My hand was still clipped to my ear.

"This" said Keston, indicating me, "my gift comes from Hecaton Gold. He gives me more and then."

I managed to make the highway an antipastor like the Theodore Roosevelt character in *Amos and God*. Last Keller had a small den up there with shelves awaking under their load of books. (He is the only human being I ever met who has read the complete works of Moravia's *Remembrance Of Things Past*.) I always beg down in the middle—where a Building Grove, although I often wished to get at least to Sodome.

I slammed the door shut. From below stairs of Scribner walked up the stairs. It was tempting, but I had no intention of spending an evening whispering to apophaneic dragons that I really wasn't subnormal. Periodically Keefe brought me up a drink, consoled me and pointed the members of the Hobbit Symphony who were relaxing below. This was as Keefe well knew, the only

"No, thank you. I'm going to sit at home in solitary splendor and write about an every week page of your Prescott Company Of Mexico."

He blushed. "It's a first edition."

I smiled at him.

"I'll explain to everyone that it was a joke. You're really not substantial."

"Thank you very much."

"Some of them might believe it."
"It'll make that every five pages."
"Please." He had a knack of being reasonable.
I was adamant.
"Pretty please?"
"Pretty please" coming out of Kev's was too much.
"Do one condition," I said magnanimously.
"Anything," he sighed.
"That you promise me I won't have to ask Amelia Galli-Cristi how the weather is in California ever again."
"You have the promise of a gentleman." And he bowed.

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Cutler's last stand

It's tough enough being creative in Canada — let alone a creative woman

BY MAY CUTLER

Mrs. Cutler, the president and founder of the publishing firm Tundra Books of Montreal, has been a remarkably high-achieving woman. She was just 21 when she published the first issue of the magazine. Mary O'Malley is the author of the novel *The Year of the Wolf* in 1971. In the *Canadian Association of Children's Librarians and Writers*, she led a Prairie Boy's Winter war against one of the 20 best children's books of 1974 by the New York Review of Books, the first time a Canadian book has ever made that list.

I started Tundra Books because I believe that people, especially women, don't get anywhere unless they establish their own business. As a woman, I felt it was impossible for me to do what I always truly wanted — to be a senior editor with a daily newspaper. I love newspapers. I was an excellent editor of the *McGill Daily* when I was an undergraduate and I think I could have put out a great daily. But as a woman, I could not sit there waiting for someone to give me an editorial job.

To be an editor on any of the Canadian newspapers you would be a drunk, an advanced alcoholic, corrupt, or totally incompetent — the only thing you couldn't be is a woman.

And so I realized quite quickly and very early that you can't get anywhere in Canada unless you do it yourself.

This is not to say that women have to be involved in business. I feel strongly that women should be able to do whatever they want to do. Publishing is a liberating profession for me personally only because I am doing what I want to do. I may have liked to edit daily newspapers years ago, but it's not something I could realistically think of doing now. I didn't have the kind of money it would take to start a daily, so I set up Tundra Books. It's very exciting work. It's almost like magic when you make suggestions to people and they come back with these marvelous things. You wonder, where do they come from?

I don't feel it's important that women look and act "feminine." These are

choices and are up to the individual.

My own choices were made for a number of reasons. After graduating in 1966 from the Columbia School of Journalism, I worked at the United Nations for a year. Then I was offered two women's page editorships on newspapers in the United States. In those days women were only offered jobs on the women's pages. That was what they assumed we knew how to do best.

I also had job offers from two Cana-

dian newspapers. One was the *Calgary Herald* and the other was the *Montreal Herald*. Although the *Montreal Herald* offered half the salary of the papers in the United States, I decided to take the job and return to Canada. This decision to return was based on two things. The first was the whole push complex — that I should go back to Canada. I shouldn't do it. There was a second factor as well. I felt that as an immigrant to the United States I could never really speak



"Canadians prefer to think that we are nice people — so kind and thoughtful. What does excitement have to do with anything? This kind of hypocrisy is awful."



A waiter puts the Bill of Fare outside Le St. Amable in Old Montreal.

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Returning to Canada was my worst mistake

my mind because I would always have to be grateful. As an immigrant to a country you don't feel that you can make speeches, convince people and change things. I thought that I was always going to feel on the outside on the edge of things if I lived in the United States. So I came back to Canada and it was the biggest mistake of my life. Except for meeting my husband, I came back to nothing.

I was so depressed the first six weeks after my return from New York. It was very difficult to adjust to Canada. It wasn't just the change of tempo. It was also the complete lack of awareness of the people around me. I had lived New York. I felt at the centre of things when I was there. There were millions of things to do and be part of all the time. So coming back was very difficult. There was nothing here. There was no creative life.

One reason I think creativity hasn't developed much in Canada is because the universities did so establish high critical standards. I was very conscious of this when I was teaching at McGill in the early 1970s. Our universities are extremely mediocre. I talk of places like McGill so contemptuously because they're been around so long and accepted so little.

When I was an undergraduate in English at McGill I was very interested in writing. There was a marvelous professor there whose everybody loved. He taught creative writing and everyone who wanted to write gravitated to him. He was sympathetic. He read your work and gave serious work with you and so on. But I think he felt that he had to protect everybody to encourage them and therefore he couldn't be too direct. He taught there for more than 25 years and not one important or even reasonably successful writer ever came out of his class. The worst indicator of writing (thing I find) it impossible to believe that in all that time somebody with some potential might not have gone through his course.

I once knew a woman who really possessed the necessary critical sensitivity this professor lacked. She was a great influence on me. She was an old Jewish woman by the name of Mrs. Mossy, who was very well known by everyone from the Jewish East End of Montreal. That is, the East End of Lachine. Richer and so on. She was completely self-taught. She read and wrote English, French, Russian and Yiddish. I met her through her son while I was



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Talent isn't recognized here

an undergraduate at McGill. She was a marvellous woman who had not only taught herself foreign languages, but also read them in the height of their quality. Her perceptions were incredible. She has always remained for me the ideal of what a literary critic should be. We have no literary critics like her in Canada. Everything she read had slipped into her as a kind of summation of her being. She had an infinite reserve and response to everything.

She influenced me in more than just a literary sense. I also learned about the persistence of mind from her. While I was a student at McGill during the Second World War, a prison was around which I sponsored (trying to get permission from the government) to allow some Jews who had escaped into Spain to enter Canada. There weren't very many about 2,000 of them. I kept the couples, with about 80% against allowing them to come to Canada. It's fascinating today to read the McGill Daily of that time to see the various professors and some professors had for just allowing these people into the country. It felt very passionately about this because I had been meeting these immigrants in Ida Moseley's house. I didn't care if the whole university felt I was wrong. I knew they were wrong and I was right. History more than proved it so. The mistake I had about the success of Canadians ended at this point — at McGill.

I sometimes wonder why I continued at McGill. I suppose it was because I've always been very alive and in some ways I believe I grew up on an East End street where most people didn't even finish elementary school. They often dropped out or made out at the age of 12 to go to work in a factory. I suppose because I grew up during the Depression I felt very privileged that there were scholarships and that I was able to go on to McGill.

My being there was a great source of pride to my mother. I certainly never went to university to ask questions. McGill represented the epitome of learning to me. How could I question its relevance? Of course, over the years I became disillusioned.

There is a total lack of recognition for those who produce the creative energy of this country. There isn't a national sense of caring or wanting to change things here. Because of this, opportunities don't exist for people to use their talents in an integral way.

A couple of years ago, some people asked me to speak to them about Cana-

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Each country has its own way of sinning. Canada's is the sin of silence, of pretending creative people don't exist

As publishing, I tend to explain how and why it is so difficult to be creative in Canada. At the end of my speech, the someone who thanked me said, "Well, it is true that we may not be very creative and we may not be very good at things but Canada is still a very nice country."

What does someone have to do with saying? Each country has its own way of sinning. We all know how the United States sins. And we know how Russia sins. But Canada's is not a very peculiar one. It is a sin of silence. It is a sin of shutting out or of ignoring, of pretending creative people don't exist. Canada has treated anybody whom it doesn't wish to pay attention to in this way. It does this with immigrants and women. Get rid of them, fire them, or forget that they exist.

That's why I have been awfully vocal over the members of the Canada Council and various ministers of the government — it is simply because I am trying to speak into that wall of silence. To say, "How dare you!"

I am trying to point out that any country that does not respect excellence of performance is doomed to be second, third or fourth rate. If the people who really do things well and creatively are discouraged, then you are bound to have the kind of situation that exists in Canada. It shouldn't matter whether the person is a woman, an Indian or a child. You should care about the quality of the talent produced. That makes the only real standard — that of excellence. Once protectionism comes in — once we want to protect the status quo — then we are finished. This goes on a great deal in Canadian literature.

We don't have the sense that justice will triumph in this country because so

often it doesn't. I really believe that if Ralph Nader lived in Canada, General Motors would have beaten him down. Chances are better in the United States that justice will prevail. Everything is whetted in that country. We've had scandals like Winnipeg sitting with Sir John A. Macdonald, but we don't even think about them. Would we throw out a Canadian Agri- or Nomen for taking graft? My God, we wouldn't have a government left. Nobody would pay any attention anyway — you might as well go out and start swimming in the pure seas for not being broken.

Very few Canadians want to face this. They much prefer to think that we are nice people — so kind and so thoughtful. This kind of hypocrisy is awful.

I was teaching in McGill when I met and fell in love with my husband. He was a labor organizer at the time. I thought he was terribly romantic. We've been married 22 years and have four children. Having a family and a career at the same time is sometimes difficult, although I found a harder when the children were very small. During the early years of my marriage when I was pregnant most of the time, I was quite happy. I think peculiar things happen in your body chemistry during pregnancy. I just wanted to sit and do almost things like knitting.

After I was married I would go along for a while being quite happy as a mother, and then I would decide that I couldn't stand Canada any more and I would want to leave.

I don't consider it selfish, in some ways, a liberal woman. I still have many of the feelings about things that I grew up with. Even though my childhood wasn't very happy. I did have a stable family life. Perhaps this is why having a stable home life is very important to me now. I realize it is a special kind of security and I don't think I could do what I'm doing without it. I think it would be quite difficult for me if I didn't have a continuing intimate relationship with one person. I'm not a feminist or the same sense in women who see being up their children alone or who live alone, expect to live alone all their lives and get satisfaction from their friends. I enjoy being with my family. I simply like being around them.

I think each woman has to work her life out in her own way. I don't concern myself that much about financial questions now. I remember writing much on job discrimination against women, equal pay and this sort of thing

for the high-school newspaper when I was growing up. Then I just felt the discrimination as a kind of tapirine something that could be easily modified but there comes a time when you realize you can't change things that easily.

I have done things in my own way but I don't know if other people consider that I have succeeded in my career. I have been lucky to be able to do it, and it has been possible only because my husband supports me financially. Tenshi Books doesn't make much money. I don't get a salary. He pays for a housekeeper and all the other things that are necessary for me to carry on with my work. I don't feel guilty about that because we help each other. Lord knows, I have helped him. It is a give-and-take thing. However, Tenshi would be a very different company if I had to support myself and a whole family out of its earnings. I would be doing more popular books rather than those that are original and different. I know the kind of books that make money. So does everybody, it's no secret.

I started gave up publishing two years ago because I was so discouraged by the lack of recognition here for anything original. I can tell you the exact moment. One of my books, *Mary-Of-Mile*, had just been awarded the gold medal from the Canadian Association of Children's Librarians. Ann Blades, the winner, had been named to Rights to pick up her award. I was very proud. I had been forced to let my assistant go a couple of weeks earlier. So Ann Blades applied to the Canada Council for her air fare to Regina. They refused to give her the money — \$200. I felt so outraged. I thought, "In these times? Who am I doing all this for?"

I lectured on my husband that morning and asked if he would have lunch with me. We never have lunch together but I wanted to talk to him. We got a table and I said, "I'm going to give it up. Nobody cares. It's useless. I'm just being an idiot." My husband asked me out of it. He said, "You've involved us all, you've involved the whole family in this and you have no right to do this to us. We all care about what is going on."

Things have been getting better since then because we have sold an awful lot of publishing rights this past year. They were the only really big ones for me. But there is a limitation when you work with the realization that no one else cares in the same way that you do. I mean even about the same things the way you do. They think that Canada is great. What can you say? ☺

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Doug Henning is done with mirrors

His great illusion, however, deftly figuring out

BY JO DURDEN-SMITH

Black women with sculpted hair playing Arabian princesses playing Hollywood starlets, white women in sparkling or Arabian headdress, stacked chairs, street stands lined with seats, mirrored and several confused! What's going on here?

Pushing through the stream toward the Broadway theatre where *The Magic Show* is playing, slightly to capacity audience, pushing through the lower post rail bar, fantasies, can't pretend, smaller ones, you begin to realize that there is a special justice in the fact that the latest star in mid-Seventies New York City is a 27-year-old Canadian playboy called Doug Henning. This Fancy Dress Party depicted to itself in *Fan Cpy* has claimed Doug Henning and made him its best recipient. His profession, after all, is magic, the manipulation of appearances. And this, above all other cities, is the city of appearance. Appearances have become so realistic here that a never occur to anyone anymore to wonder whether they're the real thing or not. Fantasy makes the facts in New York City. What you see is what you get.

And that's why the newsmagazine and *Barbette Warren* and Dick Cavett all within a week of each other decided that the revival of magic was the single most interesting cultural phenomenon of the moment. That's why the long-haired, usually up-broated figure who dominates the posters outside the Carri Theatre is now one of the biggest draws on Broadway. Doug Henning, mixing his eyebrows and smiling his magic smile. His response is the first of all, in the age of the post-war and the corporate race, reality is indeed a worn-out category, but, second of all, however many performances you give to escape from this reality, they are, if accompanied by a sense of wonder, merely bits of foolishness, trivia.

"Could you come up on stage please?" Doug Henning in his black gown and long curly hair looks like the Dr. Frankenstein of a high school production of *The Three Musketeers* who's strayed

out onto the stage already wigged but not yet in costume. "Yes you. Can you come up on stage please?" He leans out over the footlights, peering and suddenly a blonde girl in the front row realizing that he's talking to her, jumps from her seat and rather for the stage in a flourish of pigtails and organdy. The music pattern goes behind them. The blonde girl makes springs with Henning, head in his hand, quiet, confused and quite delighted as if she's been waiting for this moment all evening. "Now can you kick the box, and make sure it's quite real. No holes in it or anything." Bang. A little pattern leather disc crashes into the side of the box, with a sound that is picked up by amplifiers all round the theatre. The audience laughs, and the music picks up another few seconds in its race for the deadline of the illusion. Bang. The blonde girl is laughing, knowing how she looks, the box with some another face of it is pronounced to her as if the reason to kick a box to her seat. Bang. Bang. "Okay. Okay. So it's quite real, quite solid, yes?"

"Now, can you stand over there, please?" That's right. Just there. And thank you. That was wonderful." They smile and raise eyebrows at each other for as a reason, two kids and then the music lays on the why again, and he's back to the box again, opening it, giving a yellow felt bag in it, helping his assistant into the bag, handcuffing her, tying the bag, and then love of all with the help of two other assistants, changing and producing the box that the blonde girl would want to hold. His fingers over so her again. They are all dancing now, caught up in the excitement of the event. "Could you just come over and check the locks and chains and everything?" he says into the microphone. She does, worrying at the pullover and then yanking at the chains as hard as her six years will let her. Then she rushes back to her place. The music rolls and clings. The assistants dance. And Henning stands on the box, panting, musing, then what looks like a red shower curtain. The music stops. Henning's face

disappears into the mouth of the curtain and is in place, a split second later comes the face of his assistant, the one who was looking so tightly inside the box. "Hello," she says, clear as a bell into the purpose of silence, "it's me!"

From that point on, the outcome is inevitable. The audience knows it, and they count and peer at the stage as the music strains bubbling back to above their mirrors. Here it comes. First the curtain, then the locks, then the chains and then the yellow bag. Fifteen seconds.

10 seconds. 20 seconds. And here it comes. "Yes, but wait a minute, that's not it." The audience gasps, and here and there people rise from their seats, clapping at their programs and applauding. For not only is Doug Henning inside the felt bag so the same hands will be put on his assistant, he is also in a completely different costume, a white one. It deters in the spotlight, as he holds his friend inside in the air and gives the girl of a man to whom something wonderful has just happened.

The Magic Show is full of cleverness. There's Carl, who has assistant in cut up into four different sections and then put back in the wrong order, the Sword Levitation where she is suspended in mid-air on the point (at the age of her work of a single assistant and the Zip-Zag, where she is viced into three and her assistant, a kind of flapping through a hole in the box that contains it, is slowly pulled away from the rest of her body, that the illusion with the box and chains. Doug Henning's favorite gives the best thought of all into what makes her a modern rather than a traditional magician.

"Ah," he said when I first met him and asked him how it was done. "Ah." And he raised his eyebrows, as one does in a child who, at the beginning of a constant last, asks against all the rules of the game, where the treasure is hidden. Yellow-streaking is a habit of his part of his performance. But I'll tell you something about it. It's an illusion. Henning used to do "It's Houdini" which he uses to celebrate the flow of



A wizened drunk chased after him, shouting "You're the greatest thing since Houdini!"

his conversations but which sometimes became he in a stupor, a man to fold and start and turn with a life of their own, would suddenly still as they always are when he is making what Houdini would have called *A Magic Move*. But you see, and this is important, I perform the illusion differently from Houdini. First of all, I need to take Houdini 20 seconds to change heads, and I do it in a third of a second. Now, I don't want to knock Houdini. The point is that he could have done a much faster and he chose not to. He wanted people to believe he was doing something very difficult, something that took supernatural powers. And I don't want that. I do it faster, in fact, as fast as possible, because I want to look not easy — it's not easy, it takes me 10 years to perform — but wonderful, something something so amazing that the audience stops thinking long it's done, they're too busy being amazed that it's done.

He pointed his hand, tipped upward, and his "The great Ganesha magic" in the 19th century was a Hindu deity called Ganesha. Houdini would himself after him. And there was this thing about him: A magician is a actor. Playing the part of a magician. And what that meant to me is that magic doesn't work if you just do it. You have to play it. You have to involve yourself in it. It has to be as wonderful to you as it is to the people watching it. If it wasn't there it's just a collection of tricks. And I don't do tricks. I do magic."

"A magician is an actor playing the part of a magician." The first thing you notice about Doug Henning, apart from his mesmerizing on-stage energy, the day I picked him up after the evening show he had done two performances and before and between them he had been through a bombardment from national agents and managers. Yet there he was, during round, his drawing room like a griffith as a job, by taking off his makeup, writing something in the little notebook he always carries with him, sipping a beverage, and sitting calmly in the wall, making me think of the serene, famous he had signed by everyone in and around the show, and talking, always talking, to the show's press agent who was there with him of all appearances in me, in the appropriate time, in anybody who came by the door. "I thought it went really well tonight. Yes, you should take a look at that. Who did you say? Mike Douglas?" He shook my very much. Thank you very much. Every man, every woman, he would stop and talk and give the per-

son he was talking to a complete and dominating attention. Then he would be off again, busy.

Outside the theatre, it was the same story. On the stage, Doug steps a gaggle of non-verbal children, half-brother, half-sister, and at once he has a group of their signing autographs, pulling them from behind their own ("Look at that! A cow! He's that wonderful!"), and then going to keep us in a very uncomfortable gaggle of noise. At the end of the show, there were more people waiting. 20, 30, then 40, men, women, children, and more than the usual crowd of few shows of teen-aged girls. With a little grace of meek people and a quick rise of the eyebrows for me, he would every be an energetically into this new audience. "You were terrific!" "Thank you!" "I really liked the show." "Oh, thank you." Before he signed an autograph, he asked each person for his or her name, so that he could write a personal message. This process took 15 minutes and 40 or 50 seconds, all of them characterized by that sudden moment of calmness and concentration on the person talking to him. And yet even then he wasn't finished. Forward he a smiling, worried drunk, who kept shouting down the street: "The great the greatest thing I've seen since Houdini!" He introduced me to the stage hands and the company of people who were, including the corner of Seventh Avenue, on their way home. It wasn't an hour and a half after midnight, after three hours of talk on the history of magic, the last hours that a showed back on the subject, the Great Tension in magic, the line and legacy, he says of Robert Houdini, the Canadian-born, almost legendary, (the French) his life in magic, the started in a circus, where he saw a illusionist on the old Ed Sullivan show, and the future of magic (electronics, laser technology, holograms) that he finally came to a halt. And even then he didn't seem to be stopping for any want of energy. It was more a matter of disbelief of a person with the yepi energy and the resilience that he does — not an act of a religion, just as a relaxing and continuing technique — before every performance. He held a small, brown, white, but he had had when I had him seen him that evening.

But if energy is the first thing you notice about Doug Henning, there is one other, equally second. He is one of the most cheerful and charming people I have ever met. So much so, in fact, that after a long evening with him, you



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A NEW RECORD FROM PAUL STODDART PRODUCED BY BRUCE COCKBURN FOR TRUE NORTH RECORDS

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In Barbados, Henning put a notice on his motorbike: "Have rabbit, will travel!"

we left with the strange impression that he has been performing for you, giving you a character who is too good to be true. "A magician," you remember, "is an actor playing a magician." And you wonder.

That he gives this impression is looking back on it, partly the fault of *The Magic Show*, and the third way it has been constructed (by Bob Randall, author of a new act, and Stephen Schwartz, composer of *Godspell* and *Pippin*) around this character Doug Henning playing this character Doug Henning. First of all, the show, which must be the first musical ever to have a lead who neither sings nor dances, is an actor, all the principles, however, of a musical. There is no fake music, other. There are no props or symbols or costumes or even, as in the poster, top hats. And his audience, except for the one who has the plot's take, is a transparent glass, look as if they've just come off the street, rather than from a dress rehearsal for Shakespeare as is the case.

To understand the point that this is a new way to present magic, the kind of magic that has been written in an old-style magician, complete with drop-out rabbit in contrast, but the perfect go further than that. There's the fact, for instance, that in the show the character Doug Henning comes out of the blue. So did Doug Henning, born as Fort Gary, Manitoba, raised in Oakville, Ontario, the son of an Air Canada pilot. He was 17 for all his performances for friends and family parties here, before he was a professional magician in the first. Then there's the fact that the show is set in a nightclub. This isn't in New Jersey and it has clearly one better day, but it's not entirely much different from Julia's at The New York, or any of the other Toronto clubs Henning played while studying for a degree in physiological psychology ("My thesis was on 'hypnosis'" — *eyebrow-raised*) at York University. Nor would he be paid much more there than the \$25 to \$100 a week he got in Toronto. And then, of course, there's the busy-side discovery. The one in the show involves a parody of a tough talking New York agent, and the spinning of a giant top on stage, it happens, and, usually, shortly after the curtain goes down. But again, it's just too far from reality. Henning wasn't playing in a nightclub; it's true, he was playing, last Christmas at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre in

Spiritwood, a musical-magic show that he and Ivan Henson (a friend from university who became a movie producer) had put together. And Edgar Kennedy and Joseph Berke, who were with *Spiritwood*, weren't agents, they were the producers of, among other things, *Gypsy*, one of the three shows apart from *The Magic Show*, currently billed "Broadway's S.O.B. by Kurosawa." But the results, of course, were a disaster. The Great White Way, Steven, Toronto.

The Magic Show is about this engaging, magical young magician in jeans who takes over when the old-style magician can't hold on anymore any more, and who is seen on his stand-in by the first couple who go to see him perform. (The magician, presumably, sends him to Broadway to do *The Magic Show*, the show, in that case, is what happens after, as you find out.) And here is that, of this in this trapping, magical young magician in jeans who takes over when the old-style magician couldn't hold on anymore any more, and who is now playing the stand-in, presented by the magician at the end of the show. And his life ("Doug Henning" and Doug Henning) are in the case so close that his natural quality, his charm and the manner he gets into, seem in the confidence both his own and more than real. You're not quite sure with Doug Henning, you're talking to the fictional or the real.

On the way to the Boston convention of the Society of American Magicians I asked him whether a rehearsal he "No," he said. "The just is, I can't help it if people get the feeling that someone is watching me. But I use what I mean. I thought for a moment, 'The funny thing is that it usually happens the other way round. People thinking, 'The something. The was rather than me thinking the something else. If you see what I mean, I remember I went to Barbados, where I was 17 — I could go as far as possible because of my dad. And I had no money. And I read this motorbike and I put a notice on the back, 'Houdini — I hope I never, was, Houdini, never I could be for on the whole island. Anyway I finally got a job at a club. And there was this policeman quite an official guy — he said a degree in acting from the University of the West Indies or something — and he kept saying to me, 'You're a Sam. So finally I said yes, and we set down one day with me, you know, teaching him some of the basic things with cards. And he suddenly got very upset, and he said, 'No I don't want to learn the kind of thing I want to

Henning hitchhiked across North America, often with no money, to meet older magicians and learn about magic

know the magic words. You just tell me the magic words and I'll be fine."

"Quiet, please!" The restaurant's staff at the Society of American Magicians convention on the twenty-ninth floor of the Boston Sheraton is crisscrossed with purple drinking from plastic cups. "Quiet please!" Doug Henning is sitting

on a large high-top stool, a bearded blonde, a very old Italian magician he describes as "the master of misdirection" and Fred Kaps, a tall blond magician with a happy-go-lucky look reminiscent of Joe Foweraker, is trying to explain to him what misdirection means by making a cigarette disappear and reappear between his fingers. "Quiet! Can we have

some quiet, please?" A fat man, standing on a stool, is trying to make himself heard above the hubbub. While the quiet comes, it seems to take him by surprise. "Um, hehehe. Ladies and gentlemen, Dai Ray has kindly agreed to give us some close-up magic. So if we could have a little space over there, and we could bring the table out. That's right. Ladies and gentlemen, Dai-Ray."

"Isn't this wonderful?" Doug is leaning across and whispering. "I mean, I used to come to these things all the time. I used to hitchhike to these restaurants with no money at all just to learn about magic and meet other magicians. Fred Kaps here doesn't know we've just before. But I met him in Italy, at a convention just like this one, twenty years when I had nothing except that a Eurodisco to live on. I did magic on the train!" He laughs, mass his eyebrows.

Behind us, Dai-Ray, the king of elevator magic, is starting up his patter. "Are you there? Are you there? Ladies, if you're there, just put on the lights. Don't be obstinate. Just put on the lights." In front of him, cards are scattered face-down on the table, one of them chosen by a member of the audience. A light blinks on at the top of what looks like a tiny tunnel. "Here's a wonderful magic man," Doug whispers. "I mean, now it really shows my need to see all these people here. They're my friends. They're the best anywhere. Look." On the table, a mechanical mouse is emerging from its little house. "Did you sleep well? Did you have a good rest? If you had good rest, just say 'yes' and I'm gone away." The mouse obediently pops its tail and then retreats out onto the middle of the table. "Why don't you just turn to the right now and start looking at these cards? That's right. Now."

Laters. "Doug is standing and looking away." "Why don't you go down and see if we can find Dai Vernon. Dai-Ray will be going for a while. We can find Dai and then come back and see the end of his close-up." Our progress out of the packed room is hampered now by all the people who want to wish him well. "I really loved the show." "Fred was just terrific." "Thank you." "It's really good for magic." "Thank you, thank you." By the time we get to the door, Dai-Ray's mouse has found the road. "You sure that's it, now?" You sure that's the one you want? If that's the one you want, you just say 'yes' and that's the one you want. Okay. Shall I turn it on?" "Come on." Doug is anxious to find Dai Vernon. "No. What a mistake." "The two of them. Is that right?" A

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Dai Vernon, another Canadian, helped Henning develop the distinctive style that he calls "magic magic"

woman's versatility" too! There is a lot of laughter and applause as we disappear down the hall.

The "almost legendary" Dai Vernon is the reason why Doug Henning has come to the conclusion "He's Canadian, you see. He's like me," he explains, for the third time as we join everyone in a crowded elevator. "And how I met him

was... Well, about three years ago I applied to the Canada Council for a grant to go round the world and study magic. And they gave it to me. Four thousand dollars, but that wonderful! I was the only magician who had ever applied to them. He is completely oblivious of the people behind him, accepting. That's Doug Henning. Of the

Magic Show." "And I went to Europe and studied with all these magicians. You know, I got wise in that and said, 'Hi I'm Doug Henning. And I would really like to meet with you and talk about magic with you.' And I did. They were really nice." In time the knowledge of who he is has spread through the elevator. He is the only one talking. "And anyway, I came back and I went to Hollywood where Dai lives. He's one of the lions at The Magic Circle there. And he agreed to take me as a student. So I spent three months with him. I was the first pupil he ever had. We watched films, really old films on Blackstone and Keller and people like that. And we talked about magic, and we did magic together. And with him I developed my own style of magic. You know what we talked about? Magic magic."

They finally meet in one of the rare rooms and it's a good moment. Aramid then there are born of Henning, Keller and Blackstone: suits full of books on stage theories and depth of hand and spoken loaded with coins and boxes and counters and cards "Hi Dai." "Hello, Doug. You look well. How's everything?" They don't say much, but there is an enormous warmth and confidence that flows between them. And it is a good moment, because it contains so much of the history of magic in it. One man, 50 years old, misanthropic, dapper and with the memory of a military strategist in his manner, performed for William Randolph Hearst and at Charlie Chaplin's parties. The other, 27 years old and looking like nothing so much as a street vendor who has wandered into the hotel and has got himself caught up in a wonderful adventure, is just starting out, and yet he promises to be magic's biggest star since Houdini. The past and the future are together in their meeting. And it's appropriate, too, that it should happen here, amid the aroma of magic, the pervasively potent books, the sacred paraphernalia with Ed-Roy's sceptre now gracing a mechanical head to predict with his cheap, the fall of four dice three throws from now, with 800 people dressing in their rooms for a banquet at which they will hear the chairman declare 1974 the best year for magic in 50 years and at which they will see devices pulled from sleeves, cards placed down from the air, a magic that plays itself as it flows in the air, and with Doug Henning in the audience, waiting to catch the late light back to the only of appearances where the real magic is how well you perform who you think you are. ☐



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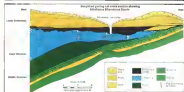
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The trouble with tapping Alberta's tar sands

Time and money

BY JOHN BISHOP BALLEN



They lie there, exposed along the high banks of the Athabasca River, dropping black jobs of tar in sand. They are covered by blankets of silt and the run sands of ancient glaciers. The Indians moved the silt mounds with spruce logs to waterproof their canoes. Today the same black oil splatters swimmers and swimmers.

The oil sands are exactly what their name implies: sands from an ancient island sea saturated with heavy black oil which oozes from them at the slightest pressure. The oozing sands are pure quartz grains, their edges sharpened by being tumbled and tumbled in the wind and protected by a film of oil from the wearing effect of the waves — but these same oozing sands, because they can grind mining equipment to shreds are a prehistoric headache to those who seek to produce oil from them.

Now that Canada is spinning incredible toward an ever greater reliance on imported foreign crude, it has turned an untapped piece on these long-neglected deposits. Are these intensely black lumps Canada's guarantee that not light sand need ever, our domestic never be lowered and our gasoline never be rationed?

Only certain parts of that ancient sea produced the phenomenon we call oil sands. The first main deposits are at Athabasca, Wabasca, Cold Lake and Peace River, total somewhere between 30,000 and 30,000 square miles, and are all located in northern Alberta. The Athabasca deposit contains the only sand-

stone enough to desulfurize to be mined.

Oil sand workers often call their plant a "minery." It is an apt term since the project is really a combination of a strip mine and a refinery. The overburden of earth is stripped to expose the sands which are mined with gigantic bucket wheels. The chunks of gritty tar sands are then transported to an extraction plant. The Great Canadian Oil Sands Ltd., plant, the only mining operation of its kind, has conveyor belts to move the sands from the mine face to the plant and Suncor, which has just started construction, has also decided to use conveyor belts. It is a decision of some importance. For Suncor will move 70 million tons of sand per year.

The extraction plant removes the heavy oil or "bitumen," which is separated from the sands as large hot water tanks. The extraction of oil is so efficient that the remaining sand is clean enough to use in a children's sand box. The separated oil is then sent to a processing plant for upgrading into synthetic crude.

However, the bitumen that impregnates the deeper sands can be recovered only by new techniques which require the heavy oil to be separated from the sands on the spot. Oil companies are experimenting with a variety of these methods, ranging from fire floods to steam separation. In a fire flood, air is injected into the underground formation and the oxygen is then ignited. The heat lowers the viscosity of the oil so that it will flow through the formation. Some-

The bitumen sands of the Athabasca River valley contain an estimated 250 billion barrels of oil but only 30 billion barrels can be recovered by present methods, which involve mining, at least of some of the oil by extensive belts to an extraction plant, where, to keep hot sand, the heavy oil is separated from the sand.



times water is injected along with the air to produce steam and help distribute the heat through the formation. The idea of expelling a molten device to which the oil is fused from mine to mine. To date every proposal has been rejected because of the fear that even the deepest sands don't have enough rock cover to survive against a nuclear bomb together with uncertainty over whether the nuclear device would actually perform as expected.

Of all the experiments, Imperial Oil's operation at Cold Lake is probably the closest to commercial development. It involves the injection of steam at 600 degrees Fahrenheit for one month to heat the formation, after which the heated oil is pumped for three months or so. Then the whole process is repeated. The encouraging thing is that the heat gradually breaks up within the formation itself, increasing the responsiveness of the reservoir. The Imperial project is the advanced pilot plant stage but, even so, it seems that further testing, design engineering and construction will mean another 10 to 12 years before the first plant goes on commercial production.

The potential reserves looked to the oil sands are staggering: the latest figures from the Alberta Energy Resources Conservation Board estimate that 250 billion barrels ultimately may be recovered.

John Ballen, a Calgary lawyer, has written two novels: *The Devil's Lighter* and *The Dirty Sentence*, and a debut novel: *The Oil and Gas Lease in Canada*.

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Our oil production will likely start declining by 1977 and we'll be short 750,000 barrels a day by 1985

25 years from the sands. This is more than 25 times Canada's present reserves of conventional oil and almost as much the conventional oil reserves in the entire non-Communist world. Unfortunately only 30 billion barrels are suitable by present methods and the remaining 212 billion depend on the development of new techniques. That over the probable figure of 30 billion is nearly four times our present reserves. And it's only enough by themselves to make Canada self-sufficient in energy?

This is a question that can only be answered by predicting the likely growth in Canadian demand for oil and the future of Canadian oil supplies — a notoriously tough business. The critical period is between now and 1985, since beyond then new discoveries and new techniques may begin to have an impact. During the next few years, however, Canadian crude will continue to supply Canadian markets west of the Ottawa Valley and the surplus will continue to be 50,000 barrels daily every year. Approximately 900,000 barrels a day of western Canadian crude currently are exported to the U.S. The fact that this export by itself roughly equals the volume of foreign oil in respect to supply the Atlantic and Montreal markets sometimes leads politicians to claim that Canada is self-sufficient in oil but that is only a theoretical exercise. When and if the import-replacement project is extended to Montreal, western Canadian crude will usually supply 250,000 barrels per day approximately 50% of that market.

On the supply side production of conventional Canadian crude has peaked at around 18 million barrels per day and it's estimated that it will hold this level through 1976. In 1977 it will likely start to decline at an annual rate of 100,000 barrels per day. If deliveries to Montreal commence in 1976, simple arithmetic tells us that the demand for Canadian crude will then be 250,000 barrels per day greater than in 1974. Each year thereafter the estimated growth of demand and the decline in production will result in a net export of our ability to supply our own markets by 150,000 barrels per day. By 1980 this excess will be 350,000 barrels per day while, even if we completely eliminate exports, we will leave only an embarrassingly tiny margin of 50,000 barrels. Two years later the supply of Canadian crude will fall short of its estimated Canadian market by 250,000 barrels per day and this shortfall will increase to 750,000 barrels per day by 1985. The above scenario is only an approximate forecast and can be

adjusted by a point or two in either direction but the trend is undeniably there and this oil sands are the only source that has a chance of filling the gap.

Many Canadians will think of oil sands production as being expected to meet U.S. needs. In fact, however, Canada desperately needs this production for its own requirements. Without it we will have to buy increasing volumes of expensive foreign crude — the hemorrhage of cash leaving Canada as a result of this process is already amounting to millions of dollars per day. It will increase, in both volumes and prices, as Quebec and the Atlantic seaboard will remain subject to the whims and caprices of Middle East rulers. The oil sands are the most likely source of oil in Canada that can make us truly self-sufficient in energy. But can they produce it quickly enough and are we prepared to pay the price?

The price seems high in financial or monetary or "official" terms. The Syncrude consortium assumes that an 125,000-barrel-per-day plant will require an investment of more than \$1.2 billion to complete.

The impact on the environment is easily described: "removal of total obliteration of the landscape. The initial phase of the Syncrude project is a massive demonstration within the space of a few weeks a crew of 500 workers and huge machines removed all signs of the forest that covered "several" thousand acres and reduced it to a flat expanse of bare land. Afterward 40 shafts of the local Cree and Chipewyan tribes were taken on a tour of the devastated area. They passed around in disbelief asking, "something is before that their forest would have been developed to completely and so quickly."

Environmental devastation is unavoidable because an oil sands project is essentially a massive earth moving job. Dikes and ditches must be constructed to return the waste water mining pits must be dug and the waste sand and clay dumped into huge settling ponds. The Syncrude pond will cover one square mile and will gradually fill with an ugly mixture of "sludge" and water. From now the landscape keeps changing daily and the road you drive over in the morning is likely to be somewhere else when you return at night. In a place that was once a healthy forest. As the operation grinds on, a large bill of overheads may entirely disappear as a stream is diverted and a small island buried under a mountain of waste sand. The two lakes which at the Great Ca-

nada plant are 100 feet tall and each gauges 4,500 tons of water every hour. It is as we were living to stand on the highest catwalk and peer down at 150-ton trucks lumbering over the barren landscape. Huge scrapers puffing black clouds of dust smoke and belching out roaring trumps of sand around the monstrous tracks of the excavator. With scarcely a human figure in sight it's as though the machines have taken over and are playing a mad game of their own.

But I saw what really is a total environmental upheaval. Athabasca may be the ideal area. It is clean, "almost perfect", non-urban land, mostly non-wooded forest — mixed stands of spruce, poplar, aspen, tamarack and small stands of birch. It's great country for moose but the deer population is limited by heavy snow conditions and competition for winter food. Black bear live in some parts while coyotes, foxes and a few weasel roam everywhere. The only big predators are trapped on their rounds.

The oil companies claim that when a project has come to the end of its economic life and the mine and processing plant are finally closed down, the area, even if it is not restored to its original state, will be at least as attractive. The overburden and the waste sand will be dumped back into the mining pit which will gradually fill and form a plateau somewhat higher than the surrounding land. The forest will be encouraged to compact the sands as tightly as they were in nature. The study area will be continuously covered with topsoil and planted. The settling ponds will slowly shrink but will remain as shallow sloughs. That's the theory but these mining plants have a long life-span — 25 years or more. So total restoration is far in the future. The Alberta Department of Environment has drawn up anti-pollution standards and cleanup measures for the mine but the companies must post bonds as high as one million dollars a year to guarantee restoration. Despite this, large areas in the northern sector of the province will be turned into raw ugly wastelands on the landscape and will remain so for many years.

An oil sands project creates natural shock waves too. The nearby has been named in Fort McMurray which is named in the early 1960s was a sleepy hamlet of 1,000 residents. It is now a metropolis. "Where Should We Go?" was the slogan of the highway and the turning point for big and huge movements into the western Arctic during the short ice-free season. Many of the res-

The population of Fort McMurray has already multiplied by 10 and the town is preparing for a new wave of settlers

dams and pipelines during the winter and when the Great Canadian plant was under construction in the mid-Seventies, some of the local residents arrived at the job site by canoe in the summer and stayed in the winter.

The new highway to Hla, River diverted most of the river traffic, but its residents were too caught up in the oil

with heart to notice. Today the population has multiplied by 10 and Fort McMurray is braced for a new onslaught as the Syncrude project gets up. It has built a nine-unit camp, increased by the coming GCO operations, the appearance of Syncrude will help bring them along with the oil-habitants will still work in a "mature"

As a "new town" it has been greeted by a board of administrators directly responsible to the Provincial Department of Municipal Affairs. The Alberta government has established the office of commissioner — an appointed official whom people already call "boss" — with sweeping powers over each aspect of local government.

Physically Fort McMurray is a sprawl of trailer camps, mobile homes and burgeoning subdivisions, but it's still not keeping pace with the influx of workers. Even now the staff of the Great Canadian plant here, not yet been fully absorbed. The population is amazingly young — 60% are under 21 — and the residents have things themselves upon the residents, the air is saturated with the fumes of the oil refineries in the winter and the mud in the summer.

Up to now the contribution from the oil sands to the Canadian oil supply picture is almost literally only a drop in the bucket. There is now one commercial plant in operation and it produces only 50,000 barrels per day. The Great Canadian project was built during the Sixties when low oil prices and lack of markets took 40% of the potential western Canadian production could be marketed during much of the decade. The economics of oil sands production is improving. The design capacity was 40,000 barrels of crude per day but that figure turned into a humbling, later job, as the Great Canadian project reeled from a series of equipment and design failures. The shortcomings of the sands and hard winter conditions took a handsome toll of equipment. In the meantime the company has built up an estimated cost of \$80 million (although its most recent financial statement shows a profit). Even today, in its seventh year of operation, the plant suffers occasionally from malfunctions that shut it down. When I told Tom Allen, Great Canadian's vice-president in charge that I'd been here back in 1967 when they were trying to get the plant started up he grinned ruefully and said "I guess we're still trying to do that."

But things have changed in the Seventies with oil prices that shot up and increasing demand for oil. The oil sands have become a controversial issue. The pot of gold is now the sands developer is shaping up. The Syncrude project, a consortium of Imperial Oil, Atlantic Richfield, Canada-China Service and Gulf is already under construction. Shell has received approval from the Alberta Energy Resources Board to proceed with its project. Bob Peirson, and

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A lack of equipment and skilled workers could seriously delay new plants

Hence, Old has, naturally, applied to the board for permits to build plants. All of the proposed converters fit in the 100,000 to 125,000 barrel-a-day range which is, however, the standard size for first-generation plants. The need of applicants for a familiar and reassuring ring with the suggestion of Home Oil, the only one of the companies with a long-term commitment. But this also seems adequately to ensure that the applicants have established that even the administrative steps required for the construction of these plants can be raised.

The resources are, unfortunately, thin, and the necessary financing is available. However, the fact that the funds are not in existing form depends upon much as the rate at which permits can be held. And here is the rub. Only a few manufacturing firms in the world are capable of fabricating the high pressure processing equipment and plant containing machinery that these projects require. None of these manufacturers is located in Canada and worldwide demand for this type of equipment and machinery is so great that orders must be placed some seven years in advance. Certainly the lack of supply is a disadvantage of itself and it opens the price.

The manpower situation is equally disappointing at all levels of skill. For instance the refineries portion of both the Great Canadian and Stranahan plants had in all, designed in San Francisco, require some 20,000 man-years of work.

Processing design engineers in Canada. Each project requires a peak construction force of 4,000 men including 20 craft such as pipe fitters, welders and machine operators—provides the same skills that are needed in various worldwide petrochemical and refinery plants and major pipelines. There is no qualified regular labor in Canada for this type of construction, and everything points to a famous scramble for equipment and workers in the next decade.

A realistic, tractable sector to be one plant reaching full production every three years. The addition of 100,000 to 125,000 barrels a day capacity in three-year intervals will not keep pace with the decline in the conventional oil production but alone supply additional demand. Even the rapid stop of putting the construction of the plants as a national emergency has, perhaps, would not work since so much of the essential equipment would be made in Canada. The world will make an important contribution in Canada's oil supply, but this will prevent us, for the next decade at least, from becoming more heavily dependent on foreign oil. Eventually the development of new technology and larger oil field plants, hopefully combined with discoveries of large reserves beneath our own rivers, will bring us nearer to self-sufficiency in oil. Meantime we'd better take a hard second look at the advisability of the Montreal pipeline and be sure to the Andes. ☐

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Laurie and Kathy: the competitive Kreiners

Two sisters from Timmins who take on the world's best skiers — including each other

BY JACK BATTEN

Kathy Kreiner wasn't supposed to win the giant slalom that afternoon last January. After all the excitement on the course in the mountains of Plannsee, West Germany compacted up all kinds of threatening obstacles, even had safety-making the footing slippery and treacherous and the course's 46 gates were set in tight, tricky, divided positions. But even if the weather and the hills had been heavenly, nobody would have expected much from Kathy Kreiner, an unknown 16-year-old kid out of Timmins, Ontario, not when this particular giant slalom was a World Cup race in which the best international women skiers could pile up points toward the year's various individual championships, not when the field took as such wonder women of the following world as Austria's Annemarie Moser-Pronk already contributed to the sum of the odds, and the U.S.'s Barbara Cochran, North America's best, has to challenge the reigning European, Kathy Kreiner, a world's favourite, has got to be kidding. Better you should bet on her sister, the older Katharine from Timmins, Laurie, who is 19, also a member of Canada's National Team and more experienced in this slalom business.

But Kathy Kreiner won. She thrashed through the 46 gates in a style so swashbuckling, so wild and convincing that she effectively obliterated the Moser-Pronks and the Cochrans and all the other ladies. She finished in front of the runner-up by a full second, an astronomically wide margin in the close competition of international racing.

"The way Kathy won today," Don Lyon, the Canadian women's coach, said that afternoon, "it was just like Nancy Greene did it when she was taking medals for Canada."

A little more than a month later, Kathy and the rest of the Canadian team are in St. Moritz, Switzerland, for the Federation Internationale de Ski world championships, the biggest event of the skiing year. Such warriors as the Shah of Iran and Pierre Trudeau and countless champions and unnamed

millennaries have gathered in the ancient, black, stone-day medieval village for the races and other pleasures. For this time, another wonderland, 17-year-old Fabienne Gasser of France, won the giant slalom, and Annemarie Moser-Pronk, took on top (took the downhill) where is Kathy? She is over there in that snowbank. She left during the giant slalom. She collapsed into the snow, and now she is crying her heart out.

"What happened to me after Plannsee?" Kathy speculated many months later, talking in the comfortable and cluttered Kreiner family living room in Timmins. "Well, the thing is when you win one race, everybody thinks you'll do it all the time. Until I won, hardly anybody paid any attention to my failures. Then all of a sudden, everybody was all over me. I got nervous. I started to fall in races. I didn't know how to get over it. All I could do was keep going myself, just talk."

A Canadian journalist who traveled on the European ski circuit through all of 1974 sympathized on Kathy's dilemma. "The pressure from her was tremendously discouraging. Kathy Up to then, she'd been on a free ride. Nobody expected her to do anything remarkable in her life. Then she was on the TV cameras and reporters and fans came down on her. That got to her emotionally. Her next two races were disastrous, and at St. Moritz, she let the house in."

The slumps and sad comparisons to this swabbling story is that Laurie Kreiner, Kathy's older sister, was suffering her own troubles through the '74 racing season. The two girls share much in common, especially in physical characteristics: both have moon-shaped noses, sunken but clear and fiery eyes, sharp noses, bright complexions, quick smiles and — the physical characteristic that identifies all skiers — strikingly powerful thighs. But emotionally and mentally, they are opposites. Kathy is our real sense of the difference in their outlook. She has Laurie's burst of instant momentum, for Kathy, the younger Kreiner is the bush one. It's Laurie who

needs to introspection, who seals herself into moored new commitments, and thus one of her character helped lead to her last racing season.

"I exposed a lot of myself in 1974," Laurie explained in Timmins at the end of the season. "I'd finished fourth in the giant slalom at the Olympics in '72, and the next year had been my most consistent ever. But last season, the way just didn't come the way I thought they should. I couldn't get attacked or something. And in a thing as tough as international racing, once you're not doing well, it's easier to get down on yourself. Nobody got down on me more than I do."

Yet another factor was at work in Laurie's troubles, sitting nearby. The Canadian government complained that point. "One reason Laurie did so poorly is because Kathy did so well. Everything to understand that underneath everything, the two girls are extremely competitive. They go against one another in everything — in training, in make-believe races for fun, especially in slalom — and when Kathy was the giant slalom in Germany, it really got to Laurie, she older one in the family, that she hadn't won a gold medal for years."

Laurie: "You can build yourself up or tear yourself down. I did the second."

Perhaps no one exaggerates another racer can grasp exactly what torments Laurie and Kathy too, what through, but it helps a non-racer understand the situation if he first comprehends the nature of (a) slalom as a competitive sport and (b) Europe as an international ski circuit.

In racing, unlike a lot of other competitive sports, leaves little room for strategy or speculation. Consider for example that in slalom at Plannsee, Kathy Kreiner shot down half a mountain and through 46 gates in one minute, 20.4 seconds, hardly time enough for a few dozen breaths, let alone deep thought. And consider Laurie Kreiner's analysis of a slalom: "When you do a slalom race, you get out on the course and you just do it. There's nothing in it



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY HART

"When I was your age this used to be a great place to explore."

In these days, it was all mud and water and trees. We'd dig out and pass over them when that building is now. Then it was just a bumpy dirt road. It's funny, as always seemed as though I was really in the country. There's a lot to be seen.

And it's a shame that now, more than ever, even some places like this are disappearing.

It's not just the swimming, it's the fishing. It's wonderful if you look and find the place but to go into the city, to find out what happened, that's really like. You think about natural areas of beauty and beauty as a long way from our shores. For me, and for people, it's been changed now. And a lot of people are concerned.

At the Nature Conservancy of Canada, we share that concern. One of our main goals is to preserve some of these natural areas, to make sure that they are protected as there's no other way. We're going to be there, and we'll help you take them as we can. And with help, we can do it together.

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For Canada's skiers the rewards are small

about thinking." Sking, in short, is a matter of instant decisions (not to mention compressed racks at hand) after always always dangerous patches of snow. The races are swift, and they end in sudden almost irreversible climaxes. And for Canadian skiers, the rewards are meagre: modest against the enormous reward of education and time in preparation. Unlike the European skiers, who get rich in under-the-table payments, the Canadians settle for pieces of metal that are colored gold, silver and bronze. Competitive skiers? They're a dime a dozen.

As for the European skier, it isn't all champagne and bobbing with the sking jet set. In fact, hardly any of it.

"I loved the racing, but I hated everything else in between," is the way Rudy Crawford puts it. She's a dark, attractive young woman who retired last spring after six years on Canada's National Team. "It isn't really a natural life, and it certainly isn't glamorous. Training and living out of a suitcase for four or five months at a time. I missed all the ordinary things like going to a movie where I felt like a normal person in a crowd. It's a hard life, very regimented by coaches and training and things artificial in a way."

The way the Kramer sisters deal with the hassles of the circus is by applying to them a no-nonsense, blunt outlook that they no doubt acquired in their hometown. Timmins is a raw mining city that sits on the bush like an accident halfway between Lake Huron and James Bay. Its people, like its architecture, tend to a simple and solid style. The city's presence has through the wilderness that creeps right up to Timmins' back door. The Kramer girls chose that path.

Even the time they were little kids they spent all their time in the bush "the girls' mother says. Mrs. Kramer is a small, rugged, friendly woman who has filled the Kramer house with her own brightly colored primitive paintings. "They used to trap rabbits and go swimming in Gillies Lake just behind our house. They made bread with the deer, and they loved camping out."

Sking was their father's obsession. He is Dr. Harold Kramer, and he moved to Timmins 24 years ago from southern Ontario to set up a medical practice and raise his six children (Laurie and Kathy are the youngest). As a fan (he served as the National Team's official doctor in the 1960 Olympics) and fairly well-to-do, Dr. Kramer was one of the leaders



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"I'll stay at skiing until I win," says Laurie Kreiner, brimming with new confidence. "Then I'll win some more"

in grooming. Mount Knappton, 32 miles north of town, into a usable ski hill. The "mountain" hardly measures up to international standards since its vertical drop is a mere 250 feet, about one quarter the size of a competitive hill, but to Laurie says, "It's a great place for a young kid to start on and it's where Kathy and I learned not to be afraid."

The girls turned out to be naturals at the sport and so early in 1986 Laurie started Canadian ski officials by winning a race in the Canadian Championships at Whistler Mountain in BC. She was 15 and 14. She joined the Canadian team touring in Europe in 1988, and while she was away Kathy had her first taste of the rule book havoc of the kid who started the ski world. Her Canadian teammates earned her a spot on the European touring team in 1971, and the following season both girls competed in the Olympics at Sarajevo where Laurie had her first medal, missing a bronze medal on the giant slalom by an eyelash. After Sarajevo and after strong showings in '73 came the 1974 season with its one specific high and its plunging low. It was for both girls, though's probably more for Laurie, a year to test whatever gentleness — courage, confidence, determination — make a world skier. Were the Kreners done enough to be great?

After her medals Laurie turned for therapy to Al Raine. He is Nancy Greene's husband, a former Alpine slalom program director for the National Team and, as the Canadian journalist puts it, "Raine is the one person who seems to be able to get inside Laurie's head." Raine flew to Europe to offer guidance to Laurie and at the end of the season he and his wife took Laurie for a look of relaxed skiing and informal coaching at their place in BC's massive hills, the Squamish. The tremors apparently worked.

"Out there," Laurie says, "I got the fun back into skiing. Now I can look at things differently. I can wipe out, last season and get back to winning."

Kathy's job of rehabilitation was more visible. Her self-administered pop-tails took effect and, back in North America late last winter after the European meets, she registered a victory in the Canadian championships at Mont Tremblant, Quebec and came up with a respectable showing, as did Laurie, as races at Vail, Colorado. Kathy finished the year with 70 World Cup points, the highest of all Canadian women and tied for ninth overall among the world's women skiers. "Nothing like what hap-

pened to Laurie, having almost a whole year go bad, has ever happened to me," Kathy said in Tumaco. "I got better every year!" And Laurie's attitude has now assumed the same confidence. "I'll stay at skiing until I win," she says. "Then I'll win some more."

All of which indicates that the Kren-

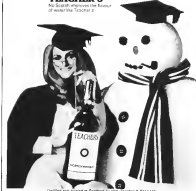
ers promise big things, especially world-class colored gold, silver and bronze, on the European ski circuit this winter. Can they deliver? For a hint of an answer, look back to the January afternoon in Florence, West Germany, when the kid robotically knew much about speed on all those wonder women of the international circuit. ☐

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Jacques Cartier's Hometown

*St. Malo
a good place to sail from — or to*
BY ALAN HARVEY

Curious city St. Malo? To my dis-
surprised eye, it is one of Europe's
most playgrounds: a thriving mix of
history, exhilarating beaches and small-
town French life. It has personality, ex-
otic, clever and legend: above all it has
unfaded fondness with Canada nearly
five centuries old. It is, in a sense of
speaking, the cradle of Canada: yet Cana-
dians actually know it exists. They
look in their delirious dreams to pray
Paris and the overrated Breton, but by-
gone Brittany, the wild and lovely prov-
ince high on the northwest shoulder of
France, which encompasses superb St.
Malo. It has living coastal beauty and a
unrelenting, even culpable past. It's a so-
berly serene ideal for family junkies, a
paradise for the bucket-and-spade be-
gade. It has mystique. It is a perky hide-
place, full of spirit.

With French pride it cut itself off from
France and lived on its own for five
defiant years (1580-1585). It has cras-
shed more famous men into one little
spot (*quelques perch de rochers*) in the
words of hometown writer Emig-
René de Chaminade and achieved
more rascally reputations than any com-
parable place. It is, basically, just a slab of
rock set in jewel-bright waters: it isn't
pleasant or throwy like Nice. St. Tropez or
Monte Carlo. The French call it *une
chose* and you see what they mean —
there is something appealing, almost
teaching about this fortress port.

Despite its celebrity, St. Malo is a for-
gotten due of Canadian history. Ex-
plorer Jacques Cartier sailed from it and
describes "praises" sent to discover
Canada in three voyages starting in
1534. He gave it the name Canada (by
way of a Huron-Iroquois word *Kanata*
meaning cluster of tents) as well as coin-
ferring the label of Blaise Sallan as an-
other point of call on route to Hochelaga,
which thanks to Cartier, became
known as Montreal.

When the weather's fine, as it mostly
is in high summer, St. Malo is an idyllic
blend of sun, sea and sand. Tourist
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Guides compete in embellishing legends

are fortified walls, jagged outcroppings of rocks and even the constantly changing but firm cement to cobble and sand.

It lives to seasonal rhythms. Every August the population swells, swollen from the 50,000 who in winter find the seventh-century city a chilly more. Dutch, West Germans, Belgians, Scandinavians, a few British and even American tourists throng the teeming cobbled streets of the town, from which motor cars are scarcely excluded at certain hours of the day. It is astonishing that very few English Canadians will not many French-speaking ones, put St. Malo on their travel list.

The city's charms are manifold: a string of wild and lovely beaches, hundreds of hidden coves, stretches of golden sand, or where the tide's out, a firm surface as rich and dark as chocolate. I wrote from the heart. I love the place. We come here every year, shutting ourselves off from other bustling spots, being up in a comfortable seaside villa, marvelling at the rethinking, synergistic charm of French and English (a wonderful switch, they say. After 500 years, you're still).

Might it's just a stroke, or a case of the tourist's spirit, captivated to the romantic imagination, but there seems to be in St. Malo a unique discovery: a map of the city, which is not as gentle as the Gulf Stream. The journey has an almost subliminal effect — or, as I felt, my Frenchman's eye, which I asked one young visitor for a phrase analyzing St. Malo's situation, and he replied: "Boutique de pierre rose." A lot of little nothings. He meant superb scenery, picturesque reminders of an epic past, even pre-fab old outcrops, a sudden breathtaking vista of the sea through a granite arcade.

The best way to see the city is to take a tour, the map, walking up the fort-like fortified walls which form a granite grille enclosing the whole city. You can make the circuit in less than half an hour. If your French is good, you can join the guided tour by students who read in emboldening the legends and who will confide how people from Montreal and Quebec find much in the wilderness to remind them of home. They will show you where the blood ran from the gallows in the French Revolution, the statue of Auguste Garber built with funds raised by St. Malo novelist Theodore Barthelemy in 1965 visit to Canada, and the street named rue de la Jeûne where quackery, baccarat, and other sins, in St. Malo's red-light district.

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Canadians concentrate on the overrated Riviera and miss the true France

Discovering de Paris was indeed! I agree with the young reader who, in 11 paragraphs, is our way and wine name: proof of our identity for the city, in by no means volume (and to most others).

Chateau de Paris is not the only one to be picked a hotel spot where he'd always be looking out to sea, called St. Malo the Venetian of the North Atlantic. Flashing the handsome Norman who wrote Madame Bovary, affectionately called residents of St. Malo as *petit peuple* in French (they had a separate identity) — and they lived up to it by characteristically doing things they were neither British nor French but "Malouins." resident of St. Malo.

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St. Malo is a small town of 10,000 people, but it is a very important town in the world. It is a very important town in the world. It is a very important town in the world.

There is a wide variety of hotels in St. Malo and they are very good. For information, see the French Government Travel Office, 1460 Sheppard Avenue East, Montreal or 373 Bay Street, Suite 413, Toronto.

INGMAR BERGMAN: TELLING THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE

By John Hufsch



Ingmar Bergman's *Serenade From A Marriage* reduces everything else playing in movie theatres this season to the size of a small child. It is the wisest, clearest and most powerful film about human relationships that I've ever seen.

In its original form, *Scenes From A Marriage* was a major anti-communism for Swedish television. The program attracted the kind of ratings that only a Russian-Canadian hockey game gets here. Bergman only edited a four-hour film from the material, but U.S. distributors balked at the length "for commercial considerations." So Bergman pared the material still further, down to two hours and 45 minutes, for its present theatrical release. In any version, of any length, *Scenes From A Marriage* is Bergman's warmest, most accessible film.

When we at meet John and Marianne (pictured by Erind Jacobson and Lisa Ulbricht, above), they have been married for 10 years. They have well-paying jobs that provide a flat in town, a house in the country, good health, two daughters, close friends but — the shocking — John and Marianne have had children around their mansion and bad boys on their backs, just like the marriage pigs of our childhood," says a drunken friend one night who views their "perfect marriage" with irony and skepticism. "You and I are the exception that proves the rule," John tells his wife. "We've drawn the winning ticket in the big slot lottery." Their lives are shared with secret afflictions.

For Marianne, the first rumbling tension to shake her confidence in the next, orderly existence she has with John comes at work, where she provides family law and counsel to people seeking divorce. "Something most peculiar is happening," a client tells her. "My arms — I mean feeling, sight, hearing — are starting to fade me." For instance, I can say that this table is a table. I can see it. I can touch it. But the sensation in this and dry, if you can understand. It's the same with everything else. Music, accents, people's faces and voices — everything's getting weaker and weaker, not to dignity. She has no more of a sense of time, of space, of an attraction. And her husband is concerned. She's chosen to be lonely rather than sit up with the stagnation, the lovelorn predictability of her marriage. This woman strifes a chord in Marianne — a dream, far away, but obvious sound.

When the riot comes it stifles hard. Miriam probably would have gone on always supporting her double under a ragged flag; Jesse announces one evening that he has found some new, a 23-year-old student, named Peola, and though he knows there is no long-range future in the relationship he wants to pursue it to its end. Why? Because it makes him feel alive. "Do you know what I'm most fed up with?" he asks, rhetorically (Miriam just watches him in dumbstruck silence). "All this hanging on what we're supposed to do. What your mother will think! What the children will say!" He says this so much more happily than he did before he met his father after all. We want go to the same coast. We must go to the mountain. We must get rid of those Christians. But

ter, birthdays, the whole God-damn lot I know Timbang as-fuck! I don't care." It turns out that the affair has been going on for about four years, and practically everyone except Marianne knows about it. "You never were very perceptive," Tobias tells her, blaming her for not seeing through him when he has done everything he could to deceive her. Then Marianne accuses of their marriage James Marianne against her will to become a different person, stranger in some ways (more invested in her own identity and traits) but more vulnerable at others (she will never be able to trust circumstances again).

If it were Allen's at *Doll's House*, the film would end here. If it were Alvin's at *Willy's Aired Off* (Peggy Wain?), Johanna and Marianne would become one of those splendid love-hate couples so familiar in Attanasio novels and plays. Bergman provides a different end, wonderful and unexpected. Far from Marianne and Helen do get divorced, and marry other partners with no better results, they continue to know one another in a loving relationship that is beyond marriage and divorce. In the film's final sequence, they observe the frostless snowiness of their smallish earnings, which now in a small, middle country suburb and conveying that they have at last learned to understand and deeply love one another.

Everyone who uses *Secrets From A Marriage* will appreciate it for their own reasons — the home truths it illustrates, the wisdom and experience it embodies, the splendid performance of Le Uttersen, the beauty of the script, among many admirable qualities. For the first half hour or so, I watched it with respect, interest, but also with detachment, then as it gathered force I became caught up, for the film applies so to many people I know. All human people have difficulty with the word "love." This film shows three different viewpoints and assembly but it hasn't even scratched

TRAILERS

For you liked World War Two, you'll love *The Mule*. Period, or so intemperal Italian Cavani promises in this wild, North American-made an ex-SS officer (Dirk Bogarde) who respectively rams a Jewish orphan (Charlotte Rampling) where he used to lecture on criminal ways in a postwar concentration camp. Bogarde does a self-parody of the type of role he has played in *Death In Venice*, *The Damned* and *The Serpent*. Charlotte Rampling gives one of the strongest performances in the history of movies, much of it speed-creeping about on all fours, rubbing her shins, and pouring like a lot. The film is a result but a means of its engendering; so far, due to entrepreneur Joseph E. Looney's extraordinary promotion campaign. For a film that is supposed to be shocking, it is a completely dull.

Felipe Amador is a graceful, lovely, soothing like his Federico Fellini (1955, *La Dolce Vita Satyricon*) in which he revivifies his real or imaginary past with all the comedy, beauty and magic for which he is renowned. It may seem insubstantial at first, however but it grows on the memory.



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MUGGERIDGE: PAYING WORLDLY TRIBUTE TO THE SAINTLY LIFE

By Philip Marchand

Television has been governed by unconscious attitudes since the very beginning, and one of them has been that religion, as a force in our lives, doesn't really count. Conventional morality, reverence for religion, Kootie Rock's half-life projects, yes, by all means. But religion itself, I mean the undiluted Christian, Buddhist or Hindu product, is as welcome on TV as smoking tobacco in a golf tournament. Years ago, the American network made programs like *Going My Way* and *The Flying Nun* which heralded and dignified the Catholic Church to a far greater degree than any other brand of Protestantism or Orthodoxy, and now, whenever evangelist preachers are shown in a western or as a police drama, say, they are usually revealed, in the end, as fanatics, hypocrites or charlatans — more odious than the people with anti-social breath on the mouthwash commercials.

Melvin Muggeridge's new series, *A Tilden Testament* (CBC — Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.), explicitly challenges that attitude. Muggeridge, the crusty British journalist who has been commenting for several decades on the social and cultural life of the Western world, and who is now, at 71, a fervid Christian, offers us six religious to uncompromising advocates of the spiritual and religious life. St. Augustine, Blaise Pascal, William Blake, Søren Kierkegaard, Leo Tolstoy and Dietrich Bonhoeffer — all are discussed and spiritual fervency, wisdom. The concept seems almost too good for television. His deviant mind sees all men of passion as well as intellect — not easy to interpret to an audience conditioned by now to look upon religious persons as something weird and exotic.

The program, however, runs out to be brilliant television. They are in good as explorations of a powerful subject in Kenneth Clark's *Civilization of Man* and Cooke's *Man's America*. Clark and Cooke give us the illusion that we are really understanding the subject at hand. Muggeridge goes beyond that and makes us want to argue back. He doesn't pretend to offer a view of those saints that does justice to the full complexity of their lives, their work, or their struggle — he is aware that in heavy new robes to beat men at all those things he can't stand about the modern world, our materialism, our obsession with sex, our denial of God.

Muggeridge, a dry genius of a man, delivers his judgments on the modern world from the depths of a seer and a fierce heart, while at the same time glorifying his subjects. One of the reasons for series' success is that he is a wonderful performer on television, selling outrageous opinions with a personality that reminds you of your favorite cabaret singer, the one who's such an interesting old crank.

All six shows have been packaged and produced in a highly intelligent way. The Blake segment, for example, makes good use of Blake's watercolors and illustrated manuscripts, some of the most powerful statements we have in Western culture to the life of the imagination. For the segment on Tolstoy, the television crew was allowed to film at Tolstoy's home in Moscow and at his country estate at Yasnaya Polyana, something of a coup, especially in view of

the heavy anti-Soviet tone of Muggeridge's commentary. The musical score composed by the jazz-rock artist, John Mills-Cookill, is terrific without being distracting, and carefully appropriate for all the scenes in which it is used.

There is much entertainment to be had in Stomper's Tom's Comedy (CBC — Thursday, 9 p.m.) and it shouldn't be missed. Stomper's Tom Connors has the air of a man who almost ended up as a sheltered workshop leaving how to put the bolts in one box and the nuts in another, but his innocent heart and his lack of show biz pride are so obvious that it's impossible not to want to love his utterly naive sincerity. He's everything, and Stomper's Tom is nothing if not sincere. His naive remarks of spontaneous recollections as good and solid as bedrock from the Canadian Shield, and made, one might almost say, almost, lyrics. When he performs songs such as *Mattress for or Take Me Back To Old Alberta*, Stomper's Tom and 'noble' as that thought-up metaphor, you can understand why they know him at pubs where the music flows freely and the salt of the earth gather to enjoy themselves without having to strain their ears for too many musical skeletons. He obviously does not feel superior to any one, really, and yet he always laughs himself with a faint, undeniable dignity.

If Stomper's Tom's voice is crude but real, Keith Hargreaves of *Kath Hargreaves' Mount Mainline* (CBC — Wednesday, 7:30 p.m.) has the slick, satisfyingly competent voice of the Top 40 performer he is. The show is produced in the same smooth style, with no slack moments or lapses in musical professionalism. While Stomper's Tom struts behind the mike, wooden except for a random stringer's foot and screaming finger, Hargreaves sings his songs with the old dignity-dignity lap-swinging and leg slapping motion, as if to prove to his audience that the music is moving, real. Hargreaves, with a group of six equally competent and professional voices called *Liberation* behind him, can take hold of almost any song, rock, 'n' roll ballads and heavy rhythm and blues numbers and make them all come out with the same upbeat tempo and easy rhythm. There is so much talent here it is a pity there is so little feeling and so little commitment to the material. Feeling and commitment were Stomper's Tom from the strains of a ballad to that of a positive folk hero — the lack of it denies Keith Hargreaves to the warm-over purporting assigned to all major television celebrities.

WATCH: *Swiss Family Robinson* (CTV, check local listings). As well-scrubbed as the Brady Bunch or the Partridge Family, but not as cloying or rapid, the Robinsons in the jungle should appeal to the same audience of pre-teen shared by these other two happy families.

Man About The House (CBC — Friday, 10:30 p.m.) A slightly dumpy, but enjoyable British comedy import.

REWARDS: *Happy Days* (CBC — Tuesday, 8 p.m.) A situation comedy set in the 1950s, the drizzler decade in the history of the world.

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RIVERS, WARS AND DOUKHOBORS: CHRONICLES FOR A NEW SEASON

By Roy MacKinnon

It's become quite fashionable to put down Hugh MacLennan's *Rivers Of Canada* (Macmillan, \$26.95). By writing the book in an intensely personal way, MacLennan has left himself wide open to reviewers who disagree with his conservative opinions on politics and social change. By describing his attempts to leave him to "black ink," he has made it easy for critics to tag him as a slightly ridiculous romantic.

MacLennan may be conservative and romantic, but he is far from ridiculous. In this book he is, in fact, an ambitious, eloquent and visionary as he can be in his best novels. Those who are uncomfortable with all questioning of unfashionable society and today's trend editors should simply skip MacLennan's first few pages and plunge into the learned and passionate chapter on the voyageurs. It carries the conviction of an author who has not only studied the history of the fur trade, but knows how a riverboat's back muscles feel at the end of a two-mile portage.

MacLennan introduces us to the river as if they were horses — old friends or enemies of his, whose histories we can learn from Life & Literary A. Y. Belson. MacLennan is at home in every part of the country, weaving his text as much from personal observation and anecdote as from study and reflection. *Rivers Of Canada* is a revealing association of the beginnings of the country, which once was so dependent on its great river systems. By writing so carefully, MacLennan gives the account of his own observations that "a knowledge of our river may bring back a little of the old Canadian experience," and justifies his preference for that experience over the inchoate present.

The book is adorned with photographs, many in color, by John de Visser. They are not so well integrated with the text as the more grumpy black-and-white photos in *Salt Of The Earth*, edited by Hester Robertson (Doubleday, \$17.50). Through a careful selection process the book carried these autobiographical fragments with photographs of the period, to produce a moving still-portrait of the homesteaders.

It's no exaggeration to call their lives heroic. Most of them lived on the "back-bowed prairie" with next to nothing. The price was their wives' lives, and much of the space is surrounded by more open space, but it could be told only with a tremendous investment of labor, ingenuity and endurance. Grasshopper plagues, occasional blizzards, cyclones and mouse fires could wipe out a homesteading family almost before they'd begin.

A similar sort of people's history is told in Henry Threadwell's *So War Years* (Doubleday, \$12.50). Whereas Hester Robertson had to rely on the written records Threadwell has been able to capture the free-flowing vernacular of his ancestors' witness to life. The result is a meticulously frank account of the experiences of ordinary Canadians in

warfare, better and bolder by name, and anything but about.

There are plenty of battle stories, their horror and gallows humor familiar from other war books, yet still valuable as reminders of what war does to the man whose bodies feel the machine. But the book's most original contribution has to do with the consequences of the home front. During the war this country may have been the Canada of MacLennan and realist books and war propaganda, victory bonds and victory problems, but it was also a land in a temporary state of social revolution. Food and booze were plentiful as they had never been in the Depression, profiteering was rampant. There was a new degree of sexual freedom. Women in particular speak of the war's liberating effect on their lives. The strange truth emerges (and we don't read this in the literary books) that, for at least some of those at home, life was rather jolly while the boys were being massacred overseas.

Charles Taylor's *Seven Job: Canada, The United States And Vietnam* (Anansi, \$3.95 paper, \$8.50 cloth) is a different kind of war book. During the long years of the Vietnam war, Canadians preferred to think that the nightmare in southeast Asia had nothing to do with them. But Taylor, a veteran foreign correspondent, makes a well-documented and persuasive case for the contrary, our hands are far from clean. Even when Prime Minister Pearson and External Affairs Minister Paul Martin acted from the best of motives in sending two troops, Willy Scherzer and Chester Koenig, to Hanoi, they were serving not the cause of peace but U.S. interests: the State Department saw the Canadian initiative as useful only as far as their failure — which was considered inevitable — provided a justification for further bombing of North Vietnam.

Taylor argues that the Canadians should never have allowed themselves to be used in this cynical fashion. Anyone who believes in a constructive role for this country in world affairs should read Taylor's book and ponder its lessons. These include the disturbing fact that, without the inkling of the Pentagon Papers in the U.S., we wouldn't know as much today about our government's mendacious activities during the Vietnam conflict.

Another fine job of investigative reporting is provided by Walter Stewart in *Food To Swallow* (Macmillan, \$5.95). Having menaced the closets of federal politics in two previous books, Stewart now reveals the shabby and the tight of market in a book that, by itself, goes a long way toward explaining why those food prices are right out of sight. Stewart is thorough, fair and funny as he examines every link in the food-distributing chain from the farmer's field to your refrigerator, from plate to store along the way, and, lingering in the village — not only the supermarkets, but the wholesale suppliers (often one and the same company), the packaging companies, marketing boards and commodity speculators. The whole book is an education — an infuriating one — that will turn you into a ferocious consumer advocate, and a voter dropper too.

Never serve the coffee without the cream.
Harveys Bristol Cream.



STALKING CANADIAN CUISINE: FROM PIGEON PIE TO WILD APPLE MELOMEL

By Judith Finlayson

I like to give cookbooks for Christmas because I know they're going to be used and enjoyed. Unlike expensive, heavily illustrated, glossy protected coffee table books, they don't gather dust in the living room promiscuously enjoying in a series of casual glances with occasional visits. They hang to be pulled open, crumbed in greasy wet hands, thrown romantically on piles of potato peelings, sliding out when they can be seen or admired, but in some kitchen nook, known only to the most intimate of friends. I don't mind having my gifts treated roughly because in the process of being used a cookbook becomes cherished.

The current crop of Canadian cookbooks is a conglomeration of tantalizing delights for my unsophisticated Christmas shopping list. There's a new one by Madeline Beaton called *Enjoying The Art of Canadian Cooking* (Penguin Press, \$8.95). Her previous book, *The Canadian Cookbook*, with its historical and geographical examples of traditional Canadian cooking, is already a classic. Her latest, a collection of many of her favorite recipes for everything from appetizers to desserts, is filled with vivid elementary instructions on how to make stock or how to fry a steak. It's a good, basic cookbook and reading it from cover to cover is much like taking a course in cooking from Madeline Beaton, who makes it all seem easy. Only those ingredients that reach the reach of a limited budget and readily available suggest the scarcity are indicated (no truffles or lobster here), which might explain why, somewhat too often for my taste, Madeline substitutes frozen, packaged or canned goods for fresh food. Nevertheless, she does produce beautiful dishes from imaginative combinations of simple stuff (such as corns glazed with maple, or potatoes in an omelette sauce). Her soups, which I made from scratch early one autumn afternoon just as the first signs of frost were in the air, make meang the prospect of another Canadian winter seem less of a challenge. As well as being an original chef, Madeline Beaton often shares classic recipes, such as Hibernian sole house dressing, for Canadian kitchens. The result, which is not as subtle or delicate as the classic French version, is delicious in the kind of hearty and robust fashion that one associates with a warm country kitchen.

From And Janet Bertoni's Canadian Food Guide (McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95) is a revised edition of *The Canadian Food Guide* published in 1966. It's an ideal gift book, handsomely illustrated with historic engravings, cartoons, advertisements and maps, as well as original drawings by such talented artists as Frank Newfield. Janet Bertoni seems to be a creative and loving cook with an understanding of food and flavor and her attitude accounts for much of the book's success. The guide, a potpourri of gastronomic recommendations, recipes and philosophy, is in many ways an illustrated history of eating in Canada, following a kind of chronological progression from the days of pigeon pie to frozen-dish pork chops. Along the way, we stop for reflections on food from a disparate collection of "historians," including Anthony Trollope and Margaret Atwood. A series

of essays written by the Bertoni provide an overview of each historical period to tie the book together.

The most exotic Canadian cookbook this fall, *The Art of Indian Cooking* (Penguin Press, \$10.95), is Canadian only by accident of its author's residence. Priscilla San Geronimo in Ottawa where she teaches courses in Indian cooking and culture. The book has an adequate introduction to Indian cooking, a simple, yet comprehensive glossary and an excellent section on basic spices and seasonings. San Geronimo covers every aspect of Indian cooking from appetizers to desserts to desserts. The recipes are well written and easy to follow, yet the dishes produced are in many cases quite complex. Her section on vegetable curries is outstanding, with fascinating combinations of vegetables and flavors.

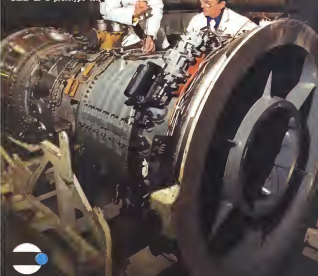
In Victorian times, cookbooks were much more than collections of recipes. Next to the Bible they were the most important books in the home, dispensing advice on everything from health to wealth and love. *Mrs. Porter's Cookbook and Housekeeper's Companion* is a gem of the genre. Originally published in 1859, it has now been revised by McGraw-Hill Ryerson (\$5.95). It's a rather less ambitious version on the same theme as the classic book of the kind, Mrs. Beeton's *Art of Household Management* (published in London in 1861), but both are treasure troves and interesting social documents. Although Mrs. Porter's culinary advice is in many cases excellent and her recipes workable, most contemporary Canadians will read her to laugh at the manners and mores of the Victorian household. Her helpful hints on how to calculate a lady's dinner of six (one-third of 1% after \$40) or how to accommodate a dinner (having a party a day will give you \$970 at the end of 30 years) are fascinating excursions into the workings of the middle-class Victorian mind, and her advice, on anything from cleaning windows to making ketchup soup, is sheer badinage.

In these days of food shortages and rising food costs, *Melanie Powell Garrett's book Canadian Country Fare* (Penguin & Pines Books Limited & Company, \$5.95) is really useful. Mrs. Garrett uses old and salvaged plants to create mouth-watering meals like wild apple melomel or pear cranberry. Although a total novice to preserving would need another book for the basic instructions, such delights as porky jelly, plum porridge, and cranberry champagne are worth the price of admission alone. But I disagree with her on one point. The recipes call for the use of commercial peels, even with fruits containing high quantities of natural pectin. The amount of sugar required when pectin is added diminishes the natural fruit flavor of the fruit, and I prefer to make jam and jellies in the slower old-fashioned way. Garrett's personal recipes are full of fascinating historical tidbits and her stockpiles of bygone days gathering wild fruits and vegetables in the country will make you long for the afternoons when grandmother fired up the old wood stove to transform freshly picked blueberries into steaming, five-minute, lip-licking pies.

Getting to know a new partner.

In April, Dave McClenaghan of Burnsville, Saskatchewan, and Joe Tibbette of Toronto, Ontario, went to the factory to meet their newest working partner—the aircraft-type jet engine which powers the newest wide-bodied jet aircraft. This engine, producing 26,000 horsepower, has been installed on the TransCanada system at Burnsville, Saskatchewan, on a test basis as a prototype for

future use on natural gas pipelines from the Arctic. This jet engine is one of the highest in the world and at some future date will be re-rated to even greater horsepower. Its use on the TransCanada system will result in a significant improvement in operating efficiency.



TransCanada PipeLines

SHOOT-OUT AT ANICINABE PARK: ANOTHER SKIRMISH IN A LONG WAR

By Heather Robertson

"I am an Indian and I have two more years to live. I will die violently, not over on the highway, from a violent hit, or from a drink by my common-law husband. I have four children between the ages of one and 14, two of my children buried to death last year when my husband smashed a horse into them on the road again. We are drinking. Now I live in a government house with my father, my mother and her five children live here too. I haven't seen my husband for a long time. He is away somewhere looking for work. I live on welfare which comes from Indian Affairs. I say food from the state in some. It costs a lot. We eat mostly ketchup and fish. They say the fish is poison. I would like to move away from the reserve but I have nowhere to go. For only one year we have read and write but I can not find for any job. My children go to a white school, but they are in special classes for dumb kids. It is because they are Indian."

I am not Indian but if I were my story would be much like that. I would hate white people, people like me. I would hate so much I'd be afraid to look in their eyes for fear they might see it and kill me. I would be so afraid that when someone like Louis Cameron threatens to shoot people, I would hate him for putting my life, and my children's lives, in danger. And I would say his courage.

No one was shot in the recent confrontation in Kootenai and on Parliament Hill but a lot of Indians were beaten up, one more skirmish has been fought (as the underclass war between the Indian and the government which has been going on in this country for 200 years). Some people out there still believe this is just a picnic," said Gwyneth Harvey Mayne when the Indians occupied Anicinabe park in Kootenai, "but this is war."

One first reaction is to scoff. Pooh, more rhetoric. We've had a belly full of Indian rhetoric. After a threat is made for the fifth, sixth or seventh time, the movement wears off, boredom becomes contempt while we find out that such hollow blarney brings more government money pouring into the Indian organizations' pockets. American writer Tom Wolfe calls the technique "false-flagging"; it's no accident that the most successful man-on-man, Harold Cardinal, rose one of the strongest Indian organizations in Canada.

Four years ago, when Cardinal rose Louis Cameron's age, 25, he was considered to be the most militant Indian leader in Canada. But when the Gwyneth Warriors' Society occupied Anicinabe park in July, Cardinal possibly depicted their tactics, other Indian leaders followed suit knowing that a militant end government would buy the respectable Indians' silence with more money.

Cardinal has worked hard and made an impact. He developed the militancy of the cyphers, the old chief Indian Affairs used to move around like a ghost, he stopped the government white paper which would have eliminated the pitifully few rights Indians now enjoy, and he has funneled more money into Indian hands. But Cardinal is a reserve In-

dian. Son of a chief, he is committed to the troops and the reserve system. He is also a politician. He would look ahead to a life. Carey, a militant, militant, his method is talk. In the five years Cardinal has been at it, Indian long conditions have deteriorated, violence and alcoholism have increased, the life expectancy for a man is 33, for an Indian woman, 36. "We've talked too long," says Cameron. "Real people, our people, are dying."

The Gwyneth Warriors' Society was organized three years ago to deal with the facts of Indian life. A study found that more than 200 Indians in the Kootenai area had died through accidents, assault, murder and suicide in the previous three-and-one-half years. Ninety percent of the Indians living in the Kootenai area are unemployed, Kootenai police by 5,000 charges of drunkenness a year. The signs, fermentation and bleeding that go on in the streets of Kootenai are the Indians' own form of terrorism, a kind of passive resistance which causes pain, outrage and anger in the white community.

Cameron is the first Indian leader to perceive the truth about the Indians' situation, they suffer not from neglect but from persecution, the government is not their friend but their enemy. He demands the truth for what they are, attitudes of surrender, and rejects the notion for what it is, a concentration camp where Indians were put to make room for white colonization. "We seek to abolish the Indian Act," he said in July. "If life is to continue for Indian people, life must depend on free land." Cameron doesn't want the "Queen's bounty"—money, handouts, economic development, houses, planning—he wants freedom. He's not going to spend 50 years haggling over bits of paper, he wants to go back to the beginning, before the treaty and start again.

Cameron breaks through the welfare mentality with his concept of an Indian nation, a community of Indian people which transcends national, tribal or reserve boundaries. As Indian beliefs by birth, it doesn't matter where he lives, or how much money he makes, or whether he is married to a non-Indian. The foundation of the nation is a shared culture, tradition and religion. The Gwyneth Warriors must fight and protect the indigenous religion of their ancestors, a mystical connection with the spirit which is still extremely powerful in many Indian communities. They carry rifles because most Indians around Kootenai support their families by taking and hunting, it is a badge of manhood, honor and survival. Death is familiar to them; they have little to lose.

Anicinabe park in Kootenai was a symbolic protest. It worked. The cabinet has agreed to discuss Indian grievances and to negotiate the return of the park to the Indians. Cameron is still prepared to risk. His words may be rhetoric, but the vocabulary is changing. "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun," an Indian said recently. It was George Masliah, president of the largest and most moderate Indian group, the National Indian Brotherhood. It is the vocabulary of civil war.

Take a second look.



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The Bloodhound.

(How to tell a copy from an original.)

What's red, has Smirnoff in it and is served in a tall glass? Think you know? Suppose we add it's easy to make and it has a nut-like taste instead of a spicy one? Still confident?

Well, even we were fooled when somebody served us what appeared to be a Bloody Mary but turned out to be a nifty new drink. It's made with Smirnoff, tomato juice and a little dry sherry. We're calling it the Bloodhound. So nobody gets fooled.



To make a Bloodhound, pour 1½ ozs. of Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Add 3 ozs. tomato juice and ½ oz. or so of dry sherry.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless